THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 27. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CORKERY OBSEQUIES.

Witnesses the Largest Funeral Given a Private Citizen, on Occasion of Daniel Corkery's Interment.

Active and Honorary Pall-Bearers—Bishop Dunne's Mortuary Sermon.

The funeral obsequies of the late Daniel Corkery were held at the family residence, No. 2625 South Canal street, last Saturday morning, and were attended more numerously than any services of the kind since Mayor Harrison was laid away. A vast concourse of people filled the streets and surrounded the house, but admirable order was preserved throughout, and the vast array of mourners was so arranged that there was no crowding or confusion of any kind. Thousands of people filed through the doors and took a last look at the face before the moment of final parting. Never before, perhaps, was a citizen of Chicago so generally and deeply honored in death, as he was respected and beloved in life. The Corkery, overwhelmed with grief, was visible until the last moment, when her and her immediate relatives took a lingering, last farewell of that was mortal of him who a few days before was the life and light of the bereaved household. The Democratic organizations and kindred bodies to do honor to the memory of their late active associate, of other political complexions thronged around the bier of Daniel Corkery. The evidences of sincere grief were visible on the faces of the countless throngs who filled the sidewalks as the procession passed.

Owing to the large number of friends who desired to view the remains of Mr. Corkery, it was impossible to leave his residence at the appointed hour. It was an hour after the specified time when the procession started for the church.

The following order was observed:

Seventh Regiment, I. N. G.
Platoon of Police.
Democratic Marching Club.
Delegates from various societies.
Honorary Pallbearers.
Hearse.
Carriages.

The active pallbearers were: Messrs. Michael Walsh, John D. Shea, Bernard Ryan, David Mahoney, William H. Lynch, M. J. Bransfield, James T. Ryan, Daniel Healey, John Long and Patrick Reidy.

The honorary pallbearers were: Alexander Sullivan, Judge R. Tuthill Ford, Hon L. E. McGann, Judge Arthur G. Windes, F. S. Peabody, Robert Ryan, Mayor John P. Hopkins, E. F. Dunne, Joseph Donnersberger, Roger Sullivan, Peter Kiolbassa, Thomas Carney, Emil G. Thiele, Michael Ryan, W. H. Zimmermann, John M. Clancy, Thomas Keeley, Gov. John P. Altgeld, Thomas Brennan, John R. Tanner, John Gillan, Dr. Daniel Collins, Dr. Bogle, Washington Hesing, M. Kennedy, M. McAuley, John Keefe, Timothy Sullivan, Frederick M. Blount, Peter Fortune, H. T. Weeks, John W. Ela, Robert Burt, Austin J. Doyle, F. H. Scott, Thomas Gahan, D. C. Creiger, C. Harrison, Thomas Kelly, E. S. Dreyer, Peter Venter, Henry Hafer, W. Rohm, Thomas Wegnar, W. C. Walsh and Frank Hoban.

A solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. E. A. Kelly, Rev. M. J. Dorney, Rev. ——, and the Rev. E. F. Foster, Subdeacon. The funeral services were pronounced by the Rt.-Rev. E. J. Dunne, Bishop of Dallas, Texas. The music of the mass was furnished by Prof. Thomas Moore, of the Holy Family choir, assisted by Mrs. Antoinette Dupre, also by a selected quartette from the Holy Family Parish.

After the impressive ceremonies had been performed, Bishop Dunne preached an eloquent eulogy. He commenced by referring to the fact that almost sixteen years ago, he served in the capacity of the officiating clergyman and united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Daniel Corkery and Miss Mary A. Austin. He then spoke long and eloquently on the ideal life of Mr. and Mrs. Corkery; spoke in touching manner of the death of their little girl, and paid the highest tribute to Mr. Corkery as a man and a Catholic. He referred to many instances in which the pastor of All Saints' Church, found it necessary to call on Mr. Corkery to assist him in caring for the poor of the parish, and stated, that never had this assistance been withheld or refused. He said it came unasked, unsought for. At Christmas, for the past fifteen years, Mr. Corkery had made a voluntary donation of many tons of coal and large supplies of provisions, to warm the homes and gladden the hearts of the poor people of the parish.

He called particular attention to the self-sacrifice and industry of the deceased. His earnest efforts on behalf of his numerous friends; his honest upright character, and stated that under a rough-and-blunt exterior, Mr. Corkery, possessed the kindest heart and gentlest nature of any man he had ever known. He said that the longer he knew Mr. Corkery, the more he respected, admired and loved him. He said, that although a very busy man—though his time was much taken up with the details of his extensive business interests—and also with political matters, Mr. Corkery never forgot his duty to his God. Every Sunday found him in the church, and he was very regular in the performance of his religious duties. This, Bishop Dunne believed was the secret of his faithfulness, steadiness and high morality.

He then recalled the marriage ceremony, and noted the different circumstances under which three of the principal parties at that scene, met on this occasion. One is a widow, broken hearted—overcome by [illegible]. The other carried to [illegible] for the last time, to have the [illegible] of the church read over his [illegible], before they are consigned to the [illegible] of burial, and he who had with [illegible] and hopefulness performed [illegible] ceremony, and who expected a [illegible] life of shorter duration than either of the contracting parties, called upon to officiate at the last sad rites over the remains of his friend, who had been called to his Maker. He then concluded his remarks by requesting the friends of Mr. Corkery, who knew and loved him in life, not to forget him now when they can help him by their prayers.

The procession then re-formed. The military escort, and battalion of police, leading it as far as Chicago avenue. The carriages, some say, more than three hundred in number following in double file. Bishop Dunne and several clergymen accompanied the funeral procession to the cemetery, and assisted in the burial exercises at the grave which were very impressive. The floral offerings were very elaborate and numerous; covering not only the grave, but the entire lot where the body was interred. There were seven carriage loads in all.

LITERARY.

The Arena for July.

In the mountains or at the seashore one needs something suggestive for discussion to while away the evenings over a cigar quite as much as one needs light literature, and the July *Arena* is just the thing to slip into one's satchel at this season, for it is brimful of independent views on all the questions of the popular mind at this time. The *Arena* is always suggestive and its liberty, excellence and independence makes it the most interesting as well as the most valuable review published on either side of the Atlantic. The *Arena* is [illegible] of the most representative thinkers and writers of the day, and its contributors all have absolute freedom of opinion. Among the notable features of the July number are: "Environment; Can Heredity be Modified?" by Mrs. Helen H. Gardner; "Whittier's Religion," by W. H. Savage; "Monometallism and Protection," by C. S. Thomas; "Occult Science in Thibet," by Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D.; "India Silver, Wheat and Cotton," by Samuel Leavitt; James L. Hughes, a fellow-townsman of Prof. Goldwin Smith, examines and criticises the Professor's protests against The Enfranchisement of Woman; "Justice for Japan" by B. O. Flower, is a review of the treaties of 1858 and a demand that justice may be done; Henry Wood writes of "The Higher Evolution of man;" Martha Foote Crow contributes a stirring and pathetic poem, "The Babies in the Street." Henry Frank discusses The Crusade of the Unemployed;" Thomas E. Will, A. M., Henry L. White, Rev. Walter Vrooman and others contribute to a symposium showing the necessity and value of Public Parks and Playgrounds in our modern cities; "Crucial Moments in National Life," is a short but strong and stirring paper by the Editor on the conflict in national life between moral forces and cynical materialism. A. R. Carman tells an unusual story of a phase of civilization perfectly familiar in life, but rarely met with in fiction, in How They "Boomed" the Elgin Street Church. Walter Blackburn Harte contributes another bit of fiction, "Awakened"—a social story. The Books of the Day department closes a very varied and attractive number.

Launching a Battle-Ship.

Albert Franklin Matthews tells an interesting story of "The Evolution of a Battle-ship," in the July number of *The Century*. This is a history of the construction of the *Indiana*, so far the only vessel of this class we have in our navy. After describing the wonderful power of this monster, the most formidable engine of war in the world, and the manner of its construction, Mr. Matthews says:

So the building goes on until the launching day comes, and two broad ways are built up against the bottom of the vessel, and the keelblocks on which it has been resting are knocked away. In the launch of the *Indiana*, Mr. Nixon ran a row of electric light beneath the bottom of the vessel, adding another innovation to the details of American shipbuilding. Each launching way consists of upper and lower planking, between which is spread thousands of pounds of the best tallow. At the bow of the boat these upper and lower planks are clamped together, and when all is ready they are sawed apart, and the vessel starts. The upper part of the ways slides into the water with the vessel, and the lower part with the smoking hot tallow remains stationary.

A launch in these days is so smooth, and so soon ended, rarely occupying more than twelve seconds from start to finish, that one scarcely realizes its difficulties. Three things are absolutely necessary; it must be on time, when the tidal water is highest; it must be of smart speed, so as not to stick on the downward journey to the water; and it must be accomplished without straining. So complex a thing is a launch that the careful engineer-in-charge is able to estimate the strains on every part of the vessel for every position it occupies, at intervals of one foot, on its way down the incline.

There is one supreme moment. It is when the vessel is nearly two-thirds in the water. The buoyancy of the water raises the vessel, and throws its weight on its shoulders. Here is where the greatest danger of straining comes, and should the ways break down, the vessel could be ruined, a matter of nearly $2,000,000 in a ship like the *Indiana* when it was launched.

The launch over, the machinery is lifted in and fitted, and then comes the board of government experts, who look the vessel over inch by inch, the fires are started, and the trial trip follows. For four hours, amid suppressed excitement that answers nervously to every quiver of the vessel, the engines are run at full speed. A premium or a penalty is at stake now. The breakage of a bolt or the disarrangement of a valve may mean thousands of dollars of loss to the contractors. Trained workmen are locked in the fire-rooms, not to be released until the test is over. Cooled drinking-water with oatmeal sprinkled upon it is sent down to them in a rubber tube from a barrel on the dock. A hose is played on the costly machinery in places where there is danger from overheating, as though it were on fire. Almost every pound of coal used on the trip is carefully selected.

When the four hours are passed and the strain is over, a sigh of relief from every one on board, and even from the vessel herself, goes up, and the ship passes from the contractor to the Government, and day after day while she is in commission the flag will be saluted, and the score or more of other ceremonies and formalities observed on a man-of-war will follow.

SIR MORVEN'S HUNT.

Oh, it 's twenty gallant gentlemen,
Rode out to hunt the deer,
With mirth upon the silver horn
And gleam upon the spear;
They galloped through the meadow-grass,
They sought the forest's gloom,
And loudest rang Sir Morven's laugh,
And lightest toss his plume.
There's no delight by day or night,
Like hunting in the morn;
So busk ye, gallant gentlemen,
And sound the silver horn!

They rode into the dark greenwood,
Be[illegible] dell and glade,
[illegible] upon their cheeks
The summer sunshine played.
They heard the timid forest birds
Break off amid their glee,
They saw the startled leveret,
But no stag did they see.
Wind, wind the horn on summer morn!
Tho' ne'er a buck appear,
There's health for horse and gentlemen
A-following the deer.

They panted up Ben Lomond's side,
Where thick the leafage grew,
And when they bent the branches back
The sunbeams darted through;
Sir Morven in his saddle turn'd
And to his comrade spake,
"Now quiet! we shall find a stag
Beside the Brownies' Lake."
Then sound not on the bugle horn
Bend bush, and do not break,
Lest ye should start the fleet-foot hart
A-drinking at the lake.

Now they have reached the Brownies' Lake—
A blue eye in the wood—
And on its brink a moment's space
All motionless they stood.
Then suddenly the silence broke
With twenty bowstrings' twang,
And hurtling thro' the drowsy air
Their feather'd arrows rang.
Then let the silver note resound
Across the forest cool;
Sir Morven's dart hath slain the hart
Beside the Brownies' Pool!

When shadows seal the forest up
And o'er the meadows fall
Those twenty gallant gentlemen
Come riding to the Hall;
With gleam of torch and merry shout
They crowd the courtyard then,
To lift from Morven's saddle-bow
A royal stag of ten.
Oh, lay aside the trusty spear,
And lay aside the horn!
Tonight we'll feast upon the deer,
And hunt another morn.

—*William R. Thayer in July St. Nicholas.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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ONE-MAN-POWER.

A Correspondent Takes Up Arms in Defense of a Principle That Most People in This Country War Against.

He Thinks There Can Be No Executive Organization Unless One Man Has Sole Charge of Its Policy.

[*To the Editor.*]

There is a phrase or catch-word that has done more harm to the Irish cause in modern times than perhaps any other one thing that can be named. I allude to "One man power." Whenever there is a discontented minority in a society or party it raises the cry of "one man power" in order to cause disruption and ruin. It is not only in Irish associations that this pernicious phrase has done its evil work, but it is with Irish societies that we are now concerned. It is of American origin, but it was used against Stephens in Ireland, against O'Mahony in the United States, and against Parnell at Westminster.

To anyone who dispassionately and logically reasons on association matters, this prejudice against one-man-power seems insensate and absurd. The people of the United States use the term as synonymous with autocracy or despotism, but they took care to endow their own president with more power than any civilized ruler, except the Russian czar, actually possesses. What is there so much worse in one-man-power than in three-man-power, or twelve-man-power? An autocracy is not so dangerous to liberty as an oligarchy, and a single despot is more easily dealt with than a close and soulless corporation of [illegible] despots. It is the experience of every society that there are a few active and hustling members who "run" matters as they please. The power that is pernicious is that which is not balanced by any legal check, or that is irresponsible. If a man is given much authority, and at the same time is burdened with a [illegible] sense of responsibility for the [illegible] the servant, not the master, of all.

In every situation, outside of an Irish society, the value of one-man-power and one man responsibility is recognized. The commander of an army, the captain of a ship, the leader of an expedition, the manager of a business, the principal of a college are instances of the necessity of one-man-power. All history, sacred and profane, attests the utility of unity and singleness of direction. It is the experience of humanity through all time that for counsel, many minds are best, but for decision one will is preferable. This universal law applies quite as accurately to Irish societies as to the rest of the world. And it is to the neglect or violation of this law most of the disasters of Irish national movements can be distinctly traced.

The present shameful dissensions in the Irish ranks are due to the violation of the principle of unity, and to the promulgation of the false doctrine that one-man-power is a thing more to be hated than Irish division. It is easy to trace the Machiavellian hand of the conspirator against Irish liberty in the unfortunate business. The two great English parties have respectively an autocratic leader, who may each take counsel with prominent members of his party, but who is endowed with the supreme right of deciding on the course to be taken by that party. In a cabinet council, Gladstone or Roseberry listens to what his colleagues have to say, and then the premier decides what all must do. Every military commander acts similarly. Success would be impossible if there were no unity of purpose, and unity of purpose can only be obtained by having a single centre of unity, or leader. In parliamentary and military affairs there is no time for debates and discussions of details; the leader has the responsibility of planning the campaign and ordering what is to be done at every turn of the combat. When he ceases to retain the confidence of his followers, he must be deposed. But he should be dismissed honestly on this ground, and not through a hypocritical revolt against one man power.

When Parnell was deposed, there was no allegation that he had proved his incapacity as a parliamentary leader. The facts were that he had been the most masterful and successful leader that Ireland ever had in parliament. Those who revolted against him as a man might not have so greatly injured the cause of home rule if they had demanded his resignation on purely personal grounds. But when they got up a false cry against one-man-power, that is, unity of direction, they injured their cause and their party irreparably. There never was anything in the pledge taken by Irish Nationalist members that bound them to recognize majority rule. The pledge was to sit, act, and vote with the party. There was no recognition of a majority and a minority, and for the good reason that the party was supposed to be a unit, with no more minority and majority than a regiment, or than the Tory party, presents. The unity of the Irish party depended on one vital principle—that every member should be equally in allegiance to the common leader. The leader's was the magnetic influence that held all the men and coteries and factions in unity, and when he was deposed the majority and minority factions rose up in antagonism out of his vacant chair.

If Irish parliamentarians shall succeed at Westminster, they must be united. The only feasible bond of union is a general allegiance to the leadership of one man. The majority and minority faction must be suppressed, and replaced by a united Irish party, disciplined and orderly, acting like one man at the command of a single competent leader. In a word, they must imitate the organization and methods of the Liberal and Tory parties. And, above all, they must realize the folly and wrongfulness of the attack on party unity, on efficiency in party management, and on parliamentary common-sense.

W.

ROSSA IN CLARE.

O'Donovan Rossa, says *United Ireland* of June 30, visited the town of Ennis on Sunday and addressed meetings in the town hall, and afterwards in the open air at the Martyrs' monument. The reception accorded to him was worthy of the man, and of the nationality of the town. The indoor meeting was held in the town hall, notwithstanding the fact that a majority of the commissioners present at a special meeting declined to grant the use of the building for the purpose of publicly welcoming O'Donovan Rossa to the town. A very strong feeling exists among the people with regard to the decision, and the feeling is accentuated by the knowledge that some members of the local board who professed their willingness to assist in procuring the town hall for the demonstration failed to put in an appearance at the special meeting already referred to, although it was called by a requisition to which their names were appended. The townspeople were, however, determined that their project should not be abandoned on account of this conduct of the commissioners, and they accordingly proceeded quietly to the town hall, took possession of it, and carried out their proceedings without interference on the part of anyone. O'Donovan Rossa arrived in town by special train from Limerick in the morning, and was met by the members of the reception committee and other local Nationalists, and was escorted to the place of meeting by [illegible] procession. Several hundred of the leading men of the town and surrounding country were among those who gave cordial greeting to the veteran patriot. Rossa, in responding to the shouts of welcome which hailed his appearance on the platform, said he was as much pleased to look in their faces as they were to look in his. He could say that he had brought back to his native land one thing which was of Irish manufacture—namely, an Irish heart. During his time in America he could say that he had never met better men in that country than the men who came from the county Clare. He was glad to experience such a welcome as they had extended to him. He thought the Old Guard were all dead, and that they had come to put their trust in England and in English legislation. (Cries of "Never.") He was delighted, however, to find from their action that such was not the case, and that they still believed in the lines 'That those who would be free themselves must strike the blow.' He did not come among them for the purpose of talking of blows or of fighting, or to tell them anything they did not know before. He had been banished from Ireland, and he thought his life would not be properly rounded out unless he came to see his native land once more. He had come to confer with them in the efforts they were making towards the independence of Ireland. He thought that his past life was a sufficient guarantee for his conduct in the future. (Applause.) They had among them in Ireland as brave men as any country could produce, and that characteristic was shown during the time that he (the speaker) was being sought for by the English government in days gone by. At that time, although he went among the people in various parts of the country, no Irishman was found to take a bribe to deliver him up. (Applause.) He then went on to speak of the circumstances which preceded his trial in Dublin, the farce that the trial was, and the suffering he endured. O'Donovan Rossa then gave his audience several extracts from lines written by him during his confinement. They concluded as follows:

"Suffering draws God's blessings down.
And gives to freedom's cause its fair renown."

They had Irish prisoners in English jails at present, and English ministers denied that they were ill-treated, but he thought that a proper inquiry should be instituted into the matter. (Hear, hear.) The speaker concluded by expressing a hope that Irishmen would be united in the demand for national self-government.

Isaac Butt's Prediction.

Lord Salisbury in his speech last week curiously fulfilled a prediction made by the late Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., M.P., many years ago, in a public speech, that the depopulation of Ireland since the Union would one day be made a pretext for her disfranchisement. "Six-and-twenty-votes," said Lord Salisbury, "counting as fifty-two on a division would have to be struck off before there would be any equality in the representation between Ireland and this country." Mr. Butt, in his opening speech, at the home rule conference, held in Dublin on Nov. 18 1873—a conference from which the present Irish Parliamentary party derives its origin—thus spoke: "There is no doubt that in the arrangement of the Union Ireland was defrauded of her just proportion of members. Mr. O'Connell unanswerably showed that upon a mean of population and revenue Ireland ought to have 170 members. If the population alone were considered he calculated that relatively to Great Britain we were entitled to 291. But, sir, this injustice no longer exists. It is the only grievance of the Union which the operation of the Union has itself redressed. Within seventy years, the period of the life of a man, the Union has so altered the place of Ireland in the Imperial confederation that while in 1800 our relative population entitled us certainly to more than 200 members, in 1871 we could only claim 112. Yet, incredible as this may seem, it is true. A few years more of the Union and England will have a pretext for insisting that our number of members shall be reduced to the number to which our diminishing proportion of population will entitle us. I could not adduce a more damning evidence against the Union." In thus predicting that the depopulation of Ireland since the Union would one day be made a pretext for disfranchisement, Mr. Butt, says the *Westminster Gazette*, was a true prophet.

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

Father O'Growney's Gratitude for the Support the Irish Language Movement Is Receiving in America.

The people of Ireland at length see the necessity of preserving the national language, and realize its influence upon their nationality. This is clearly shown by the Irish Language Congress recently held in Dublin, and the notable gatherings held in various parts of Ireland under the auspices of the Gaelic League. An Irishman who is unable to speak the native speech of his country is an anomaly to be explained only by the unparalelled disasters that overwhelm the Irish people in the past; but now that they are somewhat on their feet once more they are showing that they will not allow the language of their fore-fathers to be forgotten.

The movement to revive it has been slow in gaining ground, owing to the innumerable difficulties it had to encounter. The *Gaelic Journal*, the organ of the movement in Ireland, until recently, for want of support, could only be issued five times a year. It has now come upon better times and is issued monthly.

The part the Irish in America have taken in making this improvement possible is gratefully acknowledged in the subjoined letter from Father O'Growney of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland, editor of the *Gaelic Journal*, to a well known and indefatigable worker in the Irish language movement in this city. The annual subscription for the *Gaelic Journal* is six shillings (1.50), and may be sent direct to Father Eugene O'Growney, Maynooth, Ireland:

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, MAYNOOTH, Ireland, June 3, 1894.—*Dear Mr. Raleigh:* I am grateful for your order of £2 17 0, and am sending the *Journal* to the several addresses as ordered by you. I can hardly tell you how grateful I am for the encouraging support I get from Irishmen in America; but for them the *Journal*, and whole series of books we are now getting ready, could not be thought of,—and this in spite of the great depression in the times, a fact which makes your generosity stand out the more. Could you give me the names of any priests who are interested in Irish? Kindly thank in my name all the kind friends of the old language to whom I am indebted, and believe me yours sincerely,

EUGENE O'GROWNEY.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 p.m., at St. Patrick's Academy, second floor, Desplaines street, near St. Patrick's church, to which all are invited. Books can be had at the school from a member of the class.

Knights of Labor Picnic.

The sixteenth annual picnic of District Assembly No. 24, Knights of Labor, at Sharpshooters' Park on the Fourth, was attended by 10,000 people. The dancing pavilion on the grounds was the center of attraction for the younger people during the afternoon and evening. There were swings, merry-go-rounds, and other features for the amusement of the crowd. At 3 o'clock a programme of foot races for prizes given by merchants was carried out. Addresses were listened to by many of those present. The list of speakers included J. R. Taylor, Dr. Graham, J. B. Moore, M. McDonough, Mr. Norton, and others.

Fair and Beautiful Lands Across the Sea

Give promise to the ocean voyager of health and pleasure, but there is a broad expanse of waters to be passed that rise mountain high in rough weather and grievously disturb the unaccustomed stomach, more particularly if it is that of an invalid. Moreover, the vibration of the vessel's hull caused by the motion of the screw of a steamer, a change of water and latitude, and abrupt transitions of temperature, cannot, without a medicinal safeguard, be encountered with impunity. For sea sickness, and prejudicial influences of air and water, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a standard safeguard. Tourists, yachtsmen, mariners, commercial travelers and people bound on a sea voyage or inland jaunt, should always be provided with it. Incomparable for malaria, rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, sick headache, biliousness and constipation.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

NATIONAL TROOPS

Called on to Quell the Turbulent Strikers.

PLAN OF THE RAILWAY MANAGERS.

All Moves Made in the Direction of Getting the Federal Government Annoyed Against the Strike.

A DRASTIC INJUNCTION OBTAINED.

One That Covers All Trains, Whether They Carry the Mail or Not, on the Ground That the Trouble Interferes with Interstate Commerce—Trouble Looked for at Blue Island Avenue, in the Chicago District—State Troops at Decatur and Danville.

CHICAGO, July 8.—It looks like war the way troops are called for. The call comes from many points and a loud call has gone up from Chicago. Troops are now at Decatur, Danville and Blue Island, and the United States troops at Fort Sheridan have been asked for. In Washington the strike has been turned over to General Schofield, and it is admitted that the whole trouble has become a matter for the United States troops to attend to. The president, the attorney general and the secretary of war have been in consultation. Troops, national and state, are the features of the situation everywhere. The riotous demonstrations have made it Uncle Sam's fight from now on. His troops have taken the field in California and Colorado.

Rioting at Blue Island.

There was rioting at Blue Island all the morning. Revolvers were frequently drawn, but there was no serious clash until the strikers had gathered in sufficient numbers to drive back both the United States and Cook county deputies. Then about 3,000 of them charged and the deputies were driven away. Marshal Arnold, who was on the ground in person, at once telegraphed District Attorney Milchrist to take steps to have the Fifteenth sent to his assistance, and the sheriff's force applied to Governor Altgeld for troops.

Federal Troops What They Want.

The assistance of the United States troops is what the railroad men have evidently been aiming to secure for several days. Nearly every move made has been in that direction, and they have planned well. They have secured an ironclad injunction in the federal court that throws the burden of enforcing the law and protecting their property upon the national government. The United States marshal was directed to see to the movement of trains and under the injunction he can be backed up by the entire military force of the government. It is a sweeping document that practically includes all trains, whether they carry mails or not. Under it the United States troops will have to act, while the state troops may also be called out, as they could before.

Violence at Many Points.

Violence has been reported from many quarters, but the most serious trouble has been at Blue Island, and that is where the settlement of the matter is likely to come. The trains will be moved there, it is claimed, if the United States government can move them. From Indianapolis word was received that Grandmaster Sargent had placed his ban on the threatened movement in his ranks. "The laws of our organization," he said, "prevent us as an organization from taking part in this struggle against the Pullman company. We shall not be drawn into this fight." From Cleveland word has been received that Chief Arthur is also using his utmost effort to keep his men clear of the trouble.

BLUE ISLAND READY FOR WAR.

Small Provocation Would Likely Cause a Big Riot.

CHICAGO, July 8.—The present outlook of the strike at Blue Island is not that of the most promising for law and order. Both sides are determined. Excitement is at present higher than it has ever been and still running higher. It is anticipated that the minute a Pullman car is attempted to be run a bloody riot will be the outcome. A train with 140 deputy United States marshals went out there to clear up the obstructions and start the trains.

When the force on the train attempted to clear up the yards there was a riot in which Deputy Marshal Logan was slightly stabbed and badly beaten. Master Mechanic Fitzgibbons was hit in the head with a stone and another deputy marshal received a severe kick in the stomach. Two Blue Island police were put under arrest in trying to arrest two of the deputy marshals. Nothing further occurred of interest with the exception of hoots and jeers at the deputies until a train arrived with forty deputy marshals and Assistant Attorney Mather, who was armed with the writ of injunction granted by Judges Wood and Grosscup restraining the interference of with United States mails.

The train was run up to the crossing where Marshal Arnold mounted the mail car and read aloud the injunction to the strikers, who paid very little attention to it. After reading the injunction Marshal Arnold told the strikers that he advised them to disperse and go peaceably to their homes. This was greeted with loud protestations of disfavor. Then he said "In the name of the president of the United States I command you to disperse." This was greeted with hoots and jeers and curses for the president's and the United States' interference with their business.

The mob was next addressed by United States Deputy Marshal Allen, who among other things said: "Men, I again command you to disperse and let the mail trains go through. If you do not we will be compelled to call out the United States troops and put your town under martial law and close all your business houses." This was likewise hooted at. Assistant General Attorney Robert Mather then made a few caustic remarks, which were received by the strikers with cries of "Hang him" and curses for the railroad. He was ironically presented with a bouquet, but he refused to take it.

The suburban track was then cleared and train No. 1, pulled by engine No. 579 with Engineer Jaykes at the throttle, pulled out of the yards for its destination, it being the only thing that moved during the whole day. Just at dark two freight cars were thrown across the only open line in the whole yards, again making a complete blockade of the whole yards here. The deputies are refused admittance at all the hotels and boarding houses in the village and have to take their meals and sleep in the coaches and dining cars.

This morning an attempt will be made to run a train hauling Pullman cars and if that is impossible the Fifteenth regiment United States army from Fort Sheridan will be called out. Marshal Arnold wired Attorney General Olney at Washington to that effect last night, and saying that he was utterly unable to cope with the mob at Blue Island. His deputies are not the best of men, many of them being in deep sympathy with the strikers and many others being of no use whatever.

SHOWING CONTEMPT OF COURT.

Strikers at Blue Island Tear Down a Mandate—Summary of the Situation.

At a late hour it is reported from Blue Island that further disorder is current, it being stated that the strikers are tearing down the mandate of the court, which was posted in conspicuous places in the village. Today cannot fail to bring the crisis. District Attorney Milchrist, when asked if troops and yet had been ordered from Fort Sheridan said: "I do not think they will be called out until after an order of the courts is openly violated and the judges recommend that such a measure be taken to uphold the dignity of the court. The firemen on the Lake Street Elevated have decided that they would go on strike to assist the A. R. U.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul has discharged two-thirds of its force in the general passenger department—no work for the men because of the strike. Other roads are also making large reductions. The grain trade on the lakes is completely paralyzed, as the railroads are unable to get any corn or oats to the elevators. Debs received a dispatch from Columbus, O., declaring that the National Association of Street Car Employes stands ready to assist the strikers.

United States Marshal Arnold was pulled of a car platform at Blue Island and after a fight kicked and rolled in the dirt by the strikers. He was not severely injured. The representative of the Santa Fe road announces that information is received that the telegraph operators have gone out at Emporia, Kan. The Panhandle officials announced that their trains are moving fairly well. Wisconsin Central officials reported their suburban trains running on time.

Night suburban service is abandoned on all roads because of their insufficient protection for employes. The Chicago and Northwestern passenger traffic continued without interruption. The freight business was still impeded, though several trains left the station for the first time in many days. During the afternoon a large number of arrests was made by deputy marshals and sheriffs. Strikers in different parts of the city who were demonstrative were taken in charge and locked up without difficulty.

The general managers of the Chicago railroads have issued the following bulletin: "The worst reports come from the Rock Island, which is not able to move any trains on account of the mob at Blue Island. There are indications of trouble on the Michigan Central, on account of the employment of new men to take the places of striking switchmen. The Illinois Central suburban service is still crippled, but through trains are moving. The Milwaukee and St. Paul is seriously embarrassed. Seventeen roads in Chicago are more or less crippled, and many trains are moved under heavy guards of deputy marshals. The railroads have not altered their position and will not parley with the men."

DECATUR A CENTER OF WOE.

The Wabash Unable to Get Train Men to Do Its Work.

DECATUR, Ills., July 8.—Wabash men here are confident that the situation is worse than it was. Reports come in of men going out at other points and men who came in on two trains joined the strikers. The company has no trainmen at work. The Wabash got a train out to St. Louis, two from Springfield, two from Chicago and one from Toledo. Ordinarily the Wabash has four times as many trains as that. Those runs were manned by division officers and green men. The train from Danville was run by a stationary engineer, with a Decatur hackman for fireman.

The strikers have been orderly. Frank Barry told a Wabash detective he would like to shoot him and was arrested. He was afterwards released on bond. One hundred and twenty delegates to the state convention of Federation of Labor at Springfield have arrived. Their train was held here. The delegates waited on the strikers and asked for a train. They were told they could have one if the Wabash could get one. Then the delegates asked permission to address a public meeting of strikers. This was agreed, but it became known that Neebe and Schwab, the Chicago anarchists, were in the crowd and the latter would make a speech. Mayor Moffett ordered the meeting abandoned. Then Schwab agreed not to speak and the meeting was held. Sympathizing addresses were made by "Tommy" Morgan, Mr. Vincent and other Chicago agitators.

The Decatur, Bloomington and Peoria and Springfield militia companies went from here to Danville and the Delavan, Tuscola and Petersburg companies are on duty here. They hold the yards and railroad property. One hundred and fifty Wabash shop men joined the strikers and were notified by General Manager Hayes that they were discharged.

Warrants to Arrest Strikers.

SPRINGFIELD, July 8.—Judge Allen ordered Marshal Brinton and deputies to East St. Louis to protect the property of the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City railroad (better known as the "Clover Leaf" line) which is in possession of court, and Deputy Marshal Westfall left for there armed with bench warrants for the arrest of strikers for obstructing and interfering with mails. Judge Allen also issued eight bench warrants for the arrest of strikers at Danville on the same charge, on complaint of Superintendent Butler, of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad.

Refused to Haul State Troops.

SPRINGFIELD, July 8.—The regular Wabash train from Decatur arrived here and was met by 5,000 people at the depot. The engineer left his cab and the engine was "spiked" and several window lights in the cab broken. The yards are completely blockaded. A new development of strike tactics made its appearance here yesterday when the engineers refused to haul state troops, the militia en route to Decatur and Danville. When an engineer was obtained he was pulled out of his cab by the strikers right under the noses of the military officers. The train got off after several hours' delay.

Brewery Destroyed Fire.

ROCKFORD, Ills., July 8.—Peacock's brewery burned at an early hour in the morning. Loss, $70,000; $40 insurance.

KERN UNDER ARREST.

The American Railway Union Director at St. Louis Locked Up.

ST. LOUIS, July 2.—American Railway Union Director George P. Kern has been arrested on complaint of General Manager Ramsey of the Terminal association upon the charge of disturbing the peace. This is thought to presage a graver charge. The strike is more effective here. The Terminal association employes, who do all the switching, refuse to handle Pullman cars. The Mobile and Ohio has, it is understood, yielded to the strikers and will be allowed to resume service without Pullman cars. The strikers at this point now number in the neighborhood of 2,000 men. These include the switchmen of the Terminal association, 200 in number, and also those in all the individual railroad yards, between 1,500 and 1,800 in number.

It is stated here semi-authoritatively that the general superintendent of the Burlington system, located at Chicago, has informed the American Railway Union leaders that if the Pullman Car company does not consent to arbitration will in twenty-four hours his road will cease to haul Pullman cars.

WRECK ON THE RAIL.

Train Goes Through a Trestle and Kills Three People.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., July 8.—Two miles south of New Louisville a freight train on the St. Louis Southwestern railroad went through a high trestle, the engine, caboose and twenty-eight cars falling. Engineer Ferguson and Brakeman Richardson were killed outright and Fireman O'Neal fatally scalded. The trestle had been fired and burned nearly through.

GREENVILLE JUNCTION, Me., July 3.—The Montreal express, on the Canadian Pacific railroad, went through a trestle between Askwith and Moosehead. Three or four passengers are reported killed and a number injured. A special train with physicians is on the way to the scene of the accident.

CRIPPLE CREEK, July 3.—The passenger train on the Florence and Cripple Creek, bound south, left the track a short distance from here. Only one person was killed.

Southern Pacific Asks for Militia.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—General Manager Towne of the Southern Pacific has telegraphed to Governor Markham at Sacramento demanding that a detachment of the state militia be ordered to Oakland to preserve the peace. In their appeal for interference by state troops the managers of the Southern Pacific allege, it is said, that they are about to start passenger train carrying Pullmans, also that the mayor of Oakland is lukewarm in extending police protection and that their trains are already surrounded by a threatening crowd of strikers and that they fear trouble.

Paying Off the Strikers.

CINCINNATI, July 2.—The railroads are paying off the strikers here and employing new men. Only passenger trains are moving. At the stock yards the yardmaster is running the only switch engine and with new switchmen is unable to relieve the suffering live stock. No live stock or any freight is received. The men in the Cincinnati Southern shops at Ludlow, Ky., Louisville and Nashville, Chesapeake and Ohio, and Kentucky Central shops at Covington, Ky., were all ordered out by F. W. Phelan, representing President Debs, and they obeyed the order.

Cannot Be Held Responsible.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 2.—The supreme court of errors of Connecticut has decided that students under 21 years of age cannot be held responsible for bills contracted during their minority. Mary E. Gregory sued Frank Lee, a Yale sophomore from Trinidad island, for a large board bill. Justice Woolf held that Lee was responsible but Judge Studley of the court of common pleas, reversed the decision and now Judge Terrance of the supreme court of errors upholds the latter decision.

Vermont Democrats.

BURLINGTON, Vt., June 29.—The Democratic state convention made the following nominations: For governor, G. W. Smith; lieutenant governor, E. N. Bullard; secretary of state, J. W. Gordon; auditor, E. E. Sargent. The platform holds the Republican party responsible for the present business depression and declares that a tariff for the benefit of the people at large is demanded. The prohibition laws of Vermont are denounced, and a liquor license system is demanded.

Conflagration at Dundee, N. Y.

DUNDEE, July 2.—Fire started in the cigar store of of B. L. Sages and destroyed seven stores, one dwelling, the new Presbyterian church, several barns, icehouses, and other out buildings. Professor T. B. Fitch of the graded school, while trying to save some articles from his room, was overcome by the flames and burned so badly that he is lying at the point of death. The fire is thought to be the work of an incendiary. Loss about $50,000.

Strike a Failure at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, July 2.—The railway strike is a failure so far as this city is concerned. Superintendent Collins of the St. Paul road has issued a card to that effect. Trains are moving as usual. The Northwestern officials have posted a notice that all men who have quit must consider themselves discharged, never to enter the service of the road again.

Fire at Guttenberg, Ia.

DUBUQUE, Ia., July 2.—Fire at Guttenberg burned a flour mill, agricultural warehouse, hotel and four dwelling houses. A fortunate change of wind saved the town from total destruction. The individual losses cannot be obtained but the total is estimated at $30,000 with about one-half insurance.

Family of Seven Killed.

ST. PAUL, June 28.—A special to The Dispatch from Willmar says: Reports from the country around here show that over thirty houses and barns were totally destroyed by the cyclone. A family of seven is reported to be all killed at Roseland. The Green Lake mill was partly wrecked.

Girls Killed by Lightning.

FREDONA, N. Y., June 28.—Two girls, one 10 and the other 12 years old, daughters of Edwin Blodgett of Bear Lake, were killed by lightning which struck a tree beneath which they and a farmhand had taken refuge from a storm. The man was severely hurt.

New Mexico Bill Passes.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The bill admitting New Mexico passed the house without objection.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, July 3.—A conference of the industrial organizations of Illinois and the State Federation of Labor called to meet here for the purpose of discussing the advisability of forming a new political party resulted in about sixty-five delegates assembling in the senate chamber. M. H. Madden, state president of the Federation of Labor, presided, and stated that owing to over 100 delegates being "tied up" at various points in the state by the railroad strike, an adjournment would be taken to today. Single tax club, Federated Trades, Knights of Labor, American Railway Union and Socialists are represented by delegates.

Prominent delegates stated that the leaders of federated trade assemblies are endeavoring to bring about a combination of the various trades organizations, the Farmer's Alliances, Knights of Labor and Socialists and Populists, forming one party, but that the majority of the delegates will go to the convention with the determination of capturing the same and endorsing the People's party and platform. There are 43,000 of the Federation of Labor and 100,000 of the others combined, which would bring into the People's party 143,000 votes this fall.

DROWNED IN LAKE CALUMENT.

Three Young Men Lose Their Lives During a Swimming Match.

CHICAGO, July 3.—Three young men were drowned in Lake Calumet at the foot of Kensington avenue. They had been bathing. Their names are: Michael Steine, aged 18, Front and One Hundred and Sixteenth streets; James Steine, aged 20, same residence; Marion Terlan, aged 20, same residence. About 4 o'clock the young men engaged in a swimming match. There were very few persons about the shore at the time. When about 500 feet from shore the swimmers seemed to have given up their race and began to sport with one another in the water, which at that distance from the shore is about thirty feet deep.

They were watched for some time by a fisherman. Suddenly he noticed that they had disappeared, and, becoming alarmed, sought assistance. By the use of grappling irons the bodies were recovered, but all attempts at resuscitation were unavailing. The bodies were taken to Rolston's morgue in Pullman and relatives notified.

NEGROES GUARD A JAIL.

Determined That a Member of Their Race Should Not Be Lynched.

DECATUR, Ills., June 29.—Two hundred colored men congregated about the county jail and remained there until daylight. Many of them carried muskets and shotguns, and their avowed intention was to protect James Jackson, the colored man arrested for assaulting Carrie Hase, a white girl. There was little or no prospect of an assault on the jail, but the colored men announced rather defiantly that they did not propose taking any chances on having another of their race lynched. Mayor Moffitt and the entire police force remained at the city hall all night and the sheriff had a force of six men inside the jail. The colored men gathered about the jail again for the purpose of guarding it. There is no possibility of a lynching, but the officials, remembering the Bush affair of last June, do not wish to take any chances.

Confessed the Murder of a Woman.

BARABOO, Wis., July 3.—A great mystery has been cleared by Charles Cooper confessing the murder of Mrs. John Burga, who resided near here. While seated with her children at her fireside one night in April seven shots were fired through the window, one of which struck her, she dying a short time after. John Burga, her husband, was suspected, but this clears him. Cooper is in jail on the charge of stealing his grandfather's horses. He says he did the shooting while intoxicated.

Quarreled and Used a "Gun."

OLNEY, Ills., July 3.—John Meeks, an old citizen of this city, and Lee Berry quarreled and Meeks shot Berry, the ball penetrating his abdomen and coming out at the back. They had been quarreling for some time and Meeks had been drinking during the day. Berry is in a critical condition.

The Corn Crop of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, June 30.—The corn report of Illinois for the past month shows a large increase in acreage sown over 1893, there now being about 6,593,122 acres sown and under cultivation. The largest gain is in central Illinois. The crop is in fine condition and promises a heavy yield.

Moweaqua, Ills., Miners Strike.

MOWEAQUA, Ills., July 3.—All the miners in the coal shaft have struck against a reduction of 5 cents per ton. They had been receiving 10 cents per ton more than the old scale and worked all through the big coal strike. About fifty men are out.

Emperor William Graceful Act.

PARIS, July 3.—Count von Munster, the German ambassador, informed Prime Minister Dupuy and M. Hanoteaux, the minister of foreign affairs, that upon the occasion of M. Carnot's obsequies Emperor William had granted a pardon to Lieutenants Dagony and Malevas, the two French officers who were convicted in December last at Leipsic of being spies. M. Dupuy at once informed President Casimir Perier, who begged Count von Munster to thank Emperor William for his noble thought and to assure him that his graceful act would go to the hearts of the two great nations.

Black Plague on the Peru.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—The Pacific mail steamship Peru has arrived from Hong Kong and Yokohama. She is the first steamer to arrive from the district of the black plague since it broke out in Hong Kong in May. After leaving Hong Kong a case of plague developed on board. A Chinaman engaged in the engine room was taken sick and died in four hours. At the port of Nagasaki the Peru was placed in quarantine a week.

Money for Agricultural Colleges.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Secretary Smith has authorized the payment of the sixth annual installment of the amount appropriated for the support of agricultural colleges throughout the country. The total amount of the installment is $300,000, each state and territory receiving $20,000.

FUNERAL OF CARNOT.

Remains of the Murdered President Rest in the Pantheon.

PARIS, July 2.—The remains of the late President Carnot, the murdered chief magistrate of France, struck down by the hand of Santo Cesario, the anarchist, at Lyons, were deposited in the Pantheon by the side of the remains of his grandfather, Lazare Carnot, the "organizer of victory." The funeral was made the occasion for one of the most remarkable civic and military displays in the history of France.

Crowds began to gather along the Champs Elysee, the Rue de Rivoli and about the streets on the Ile de la Cite early in the evening. People camped all night, quiet and mournful, discussing the tragedy and cursing the assassin. By 8 o'clock in the morning the streets along the route were already crowded and by 6 o'clock the Palace de la Concorde was black with people. The housetops windows, and balconies of every house along the line of march and every other point of vantage were occupied, large sums of money having been paid for the use of places from which to view the funeral cortege.

TWO HUNTERS KILLED.

One Man Was Shot and the Other Run Over by a Railway Train.

ALLIANCE, O., July 2.—Two members of a hunting club from Beaver Falls, Pa., in camp near Enon Valley, were accidentally killed within an hour's time. William Wilson, aged 23 years, had climbed a tree with a loaded shotgun to watch for a groundhog. In coming down the trigger of the gun caught on a twig, discharging the weapon. The contents entered Wilson's side and he dropped to the ground dead.

Howard Sullivan, aged 16 years, started to Beaver Falls to notify Wilson's relatives, and in attempting to board a slowly moving freight train on the Fort Wayne road he, too, lost his life. Sullivan was carrying his shotgun, and as he attempted to climb on a car he lost his footing and fell. He grabbed the foot stirrup of a car and was dragged 200 yards before he was thrown under the train. The bodies of the two men were taken home on the same train in the evening.

TARIFF AMENDMENTS.

A Number of Them Agreed to in the United States Senate.

WASHINGON, July 2.—Numerous amendments to the tariff schedule were agreed to in the senate. Among them were: Changing the rate on bottles holding more than one pint to ⅝ cent per pound and on vials holding not more than one pint 1⅛ cents; on cast-polished plate glass not exceeding 24x60 inches, from 20 to 22½ cents per square foot. All the amendments adopted in committee of the whole were agreed to. The iron ore amendment, on which a special vote had been reserved, was adopted—38 to 5. The proposition to make repeal of the sugar bounty to take immediate effect instead of in 1895 was adopted—36 to 32. The date when the sugar schedule shall go into effect was changed from Jan. 1, 1895, to when the bill goes into effect, without division.

RESTORED THE WAGES.

Employes of the Hocking Valley Have Their Demands Granted.

TOLEDO, O., June 28.—Hocking Valley railway employes presented a new scale to President Waite, which restores wages as before the 10 per cent. reduction last January with additional conditions. President Waite asked for time. The committee granted until noon Friday, and if the scales is not then accepted a general strike will follow. Mr. Waite wanted an agreement inserted to carry Pullman cars, but the committee refused.

COLUMBUS, June 28.—The Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo railroad has restored the 10 per cent. cut in wages.

Nominated for Congress.

ROCK ISLAND, Ills., June 28.—The Republican convention for the new Tenth congressional district was held in this city and General Philip Sidney Post was nominated for congress.

S. M. Clark, editor of The Gate City, nominated for congress by the Republican convention of the First district of Iowa at Mount Pleasant on the 135 ballot.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 28.—The Democratic convention of the Fourth congressional district met here. Hon. W. L. Terry of this city, the present incumbent, was nominated for congress by acclamation.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., June 2.—G. Leighty of DeKalb county was nominated for congress by the Republicans of the Twelfth district.

Killed by an Electric Car.

EAST CHICAGO, Ind., July 3.—As an electric car with a trailer on the Hammond, Whiting and East Chicago Street railway was on its way to this place from Hammond Jacob Brunswick, marshal of Hammond, was knocked off the car and killed. The motor car and trailer were closely followed by another car. Brunswick was sitting on the railing between the first car and trailer when the motorman stopped the car suddenly and the following car crashed into the trailer. Brunswick losing his balance fell between the two cars and was horribly mangled.

Lynching at Hiller's Creek, Mo.

FULTON, Mo., July 3.—John Reynolds of Guthrie, accompanied by his deputy, Taylor Wilson, on the way to Fulton from Cedar City, having in charge James Johnson, colored, who was charged with committing a criminal assault upon Mrs. William King near Guthrie in August, 1893, was met at Hiller's Creek by a mob, who, placing a noose over Johnson's head, adjusting it about his neck, threw the rope over a limb, secured it and left him hanging.

Against the Gas Trust.

CHICAGO, July 3.—Judge Winds has entered a decree asked for by Attorney General Moloney perpetually enjoining all gas companies of this city which have heretofore formed a gas trust from issuing any of their stock to any corporation, domestic or foreign; to refrain from forming a trust and, within sixty days, to carry on business separately. The decree does not affect the quo warranto suit by the attorney general now pending.

Lake Shore Train Robbery.

ELKHART, Ind., July 2.—As a fast freight train of the Lake Shore pulled up the grade to New Carlisle, a gang of eight men boarded the train and proceeded to rob the crew and passengers. Five gold watches and about $75 in money was taken.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

William Arthur Parson, aged 20, Frank B. Skeeles, 19, and Walter Bullwer, 12, were drowned at Toronto.

M. J. Wainwright discovered Henry Campbell, colored, robbing his house at Columbus Junction, Ia., and shot him dead.

Omer Knotts, a 7-year-old boy of Elwood, Ind., was thrown from a horse and killed.

For the first time in the history of Cornell university the Stewart L. Woodford prize in oratory has been won by a woman. The fortunate winner is Miss Harriet C. Connor of Burlington, Ia.

In attempting to alight from a moving freight train C. G. Curtis of Pana, Ills., fell under the wheels. One leg was mangled and he was otherwise internally injured. He will recover.

* * *

One more case of smallpox at Ashley, Ind., has been reported.

George Hastings fell out of a wagon near Libertyville, Ills., and a wheel passed over his abdomen, causing fatal injuries.

Past Grand Sire James P. Sanders of Yonkers, N. Y., has been an Odd Fellow for fifty years, and is known among the fraternity as "The Grand Old Man."

During an electrical storm John H. Peters and a party of men took shelter in a barn at Wesleyville, Pa. The barn was struck by lightning, young Peters killed and his father seriously injured. A flash of lightning scared John H. Scully's team at Erie, Pa. Scully was thrown out and fatally injured.

Mrs. Betsy Smith, charged with the murder of her husband, Michael Smith, was found guilty at Des Moines of murder in the first degree. The jury fixed the penalty at life imprisonment.

A farmer named Lill, while driving across the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern tracks near Diamond Lake, Ills., was run down by a train and killed.

* * *

Thomas Luchsinger of Monroe, Wis., has been appointed by the governor state dairy and food commissioner, vice D. L. Harkness, deceased.

Richard Sloan of Mecna, Ills., died from injuries received in a railway accident.

Three members of the avengers of Czechla are on trial at Prague for plotting an attack on members of the imperial family.

The earnings of the Missouri Pacific for May show an increase of $56,000 over corresponding earnings in May, 1893.

The prisoners who broke jail at Milwaukee and stole Banker Schuett's yacht crossed the lake, beached the boat and took to the woods.

Frank Moulton is in trouble at Worcester, Mass., over a check transaction in which the First National bank of Chicago figures. The size of the check is $5,500.

* * *

Mrs. Ella Mitchell, a widow, committed suicide at Genoa, Ills., by cutting her throat.

The inter-state sheriff's convention at Sioux City, Ia., elected William Remer of Deadwood, S. D., president. Sheriffs of Wyoming, Wisconsin, Kansas and Nebraska were admitted to membership.

Ira Grant committed suicide at Columbia City, Ind., by taking poison.

Moses Hopkins, 6 years old, died at Jeffersonville, Ind., from injuries received by being run over by a street car.

Edwin Gwin, while working in a well at Shelbyville, Ills., was overcome by fire-damp and perished.

Guy Phillips accidentally shot himself at Sibley, Ia., and died.

George Bill, a farmer, was drowned while bathing at a picnic near Princeton, Ills.

At Terre Haute, Ind., while lighting a gasoline stove it exploded and Mrs. Fannie Reed, aged 40, was burned to death.

* * *

John Scott, a switchman, was run over and killed in the yards at Lincoln, Neb. He attempted to step on the brake beam of a moving car.

Horatio N. Naughton of Sheffield, a wealthy resident of Sheffield, Ills., has been adjudged insane.

Miss Schuyler, the well-known American singer and composer, known on the stage as Idalia Scalia, is reported to be about to renounce the world and enter a Catholic convent.

Kelsey's commonweal army, 110 strong, has reached Bloomington, Ills.

Twenty-five cases of smallpox have been discovered in Detroit, and Toledo authorities are considering the advisability of declaring a quarantine.

Negotiations are nearly completed for the removal of the Thomas Malleable Iron and Brass company of Milwaukee to Waukegan, Ills. The latter town is raising $16,000 as a bonus for the firm.

Gus Weisbrodt, defaulting ex-City treasurer of Middlestown, O., pleaded guilty to embezzling over $25,000 public money.

* * *

It is reported from Ashland, Wis., that the Norrie miners started a steam shovel at East Norrie under protection of the sheriff and fifty deputies. About 150 men have been signed to go to work. This breaks the strike in the Hurley and Bessemer region.

Miss Lizzie Gleadening, aged 19, committed suicide by poison at her home near Seymour, Ind. In a note she explained that her act was due to a love affair.

Ellen Fox, of Brooklyn, dislocated her jaw while yawning just before going to bed and had to be taken to the hospital before she could get relief.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"I have proven the truth of the above in my own experience. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla to be worthy of more than is claimed for it. I was sick, weak and discouraged. I called on the village doctor, and he intimated that I had

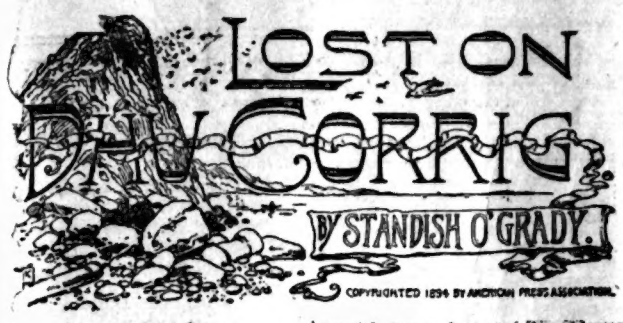
Consumption

and that I would not live long. I had heard so much in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla that I decided to give it a trial. The result is that I am now well and hearty. I would recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to all who are suffering." MISS DAMA MOFFITT, Box 74, Ashmore, Ill. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills; assist digestion, cure headache. 25c. a box.



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CHAPTER XVI.

NOT A DOG, SPITE ITS BARKING.

I now stood and listened with ears which famine had rendered preternaturally acute, hoping that I might somewhere hear the sullen gurgle of water or the lapping of waves upon stone. I stood so a long time; then, waving a torch, I stepped rapidly forward. I had only advanced a few yards when I heard something which caused me to start so violently that the torch fell from my hands. It was not the noise of regurgitating water or lapping waves, but a cry loud, clear and distinct, echoing far and wide in the convolutions of the huge cave, a cry repeated in quick succession again and again, a cry, rather a mew or a bark, resembling both sounds, but the latter more than the former. I was in that condition in which fear can at any moment burst out into frantic terror. But I recovered myself in a moment. The noise which I had heard was the barking of a seal. I had not spent my boyhood in this coast without having acquired that much of seaside knowledge. I knew that it was a seal and even a young seal. Yes, the tidal water had here somewhere an entrance into the cave. I went on in the direction of the noise and was about to extinguish the burning timber which I held in my hand when the increased energy and frequency of the barking convinced me that the seal, so far from being terrified by the light, seemed to like it, and as I believed was endeavoring to approach it. I stood again and listened and could hear its flappings and druffings. Still going on, I came rather suddenly within view of the creature. The water, which I could now see, was a good many yards behind it and already, mad with hunger, I could see and smell chops and steaks of the little seal frizzling in one of my fires, for of course I had determined to lose no time about killing and eating this animal which Providence had so unexpectedly cast in my way. But when I saw the poor creature, my sole fellow occupant of the gloomy prison, still flapping and flopping toward me and the pathetic look in its eyes, for the seal can look very pathetic, an involuntary feeling of compassion rose within me. It was not in the least afraid of me even when I came close up to it, probably because it was so much pleased by the light. No doubt ere long famine would have driven out pity—a man "feeling all the vulture in his jaws" will eat anything. But at this moment the light of my torch fell on something shining on the edge of the water. It was a good sized salmon, just a little nibbled at about the neck and shoulders. As in a flash I perceived that this little moaning suppliant whom a few minutes before I had been on the point of killing might be the means of my preservation. This large fish was never killed by my small friend; it was killed by its parents and brought thither as food for their offspring. I would keep the child a close prisoner and compel the parents to feed both it and me. The fishing line of which I have spoken I had with me still fastened to the rod. I unwound its twisted cords and fastened one end round the seal's neck with a knot that would not slip and made the other end fast round the projecting corner of a bowlder. Then, rejoicing, I bore away the salmon, which, cut into thick steaks, was soon frizzling and spluttering gayly in the fire which was nearest. I knew now so well the lay of this end of the cave that I had no fear about finding my way to Curry's Window whenever I should feel inclined. Having duly said grace, and more earnestly than ever before in my life, I fell to and made a hearty meal. The seal was all this time crying piteously. When I had ended, I brought to it a piece of the broiled salmon, which it devoured greedily. I knew then that the little seal and I would become good friends, and I hoped ere long by similar means to become acquainted with its parents. So pleased was I by the sudden turn which things had taken in my favor that I became quite joyous and happy, whistled and sang gayly and awoke distant echoes, for the cave was far larger than I have indicated and was even of vast extent. Resolved for the present to make my home in the vicinity of my new friend, I returned to the entrance for the useful seaweed which had hitherto been my bed. I did not return at once. It was near sunset, so I continued to shout at intervals as loud as I could in hope of attracting the notice of some passing boat. This continued to be a practice with me for many days, but the distance was so great that none of the fishermen ever heard me.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRIENDS MULTIPLY.

When I returned with the seaweed which was to be my bed, I saw in the faint light cast from my fire two large objects beside the little seal. They were the parents. There was one on each side of the youngster, lowering and raising their heads toward him, while he was flapping vigorously and uttering little cries of joy. It was a pretty scene, and I feared to disturb it. I had often heard, though had not myself noticed it, that these animals are very susceptible to music and will for miles follow a ship in which a musical instrument is being played. Accordingly I began to whistle in a low tone a plaintive air. The moment I began, however, the elder animals took the alarm, flapped away down the sloping rock, tumbled into the water and disappeared, not, however, before one of them had attempted to carry off the youngster in its jaws, just as a bitch would a puppy. Seals, I may observe, give suck to their young just as animals do. My little friend had got beyond this stage and was beginning to eat on its own account.

Now that the parents were alarmed for the sake of their offspring, I knew that they would not go far. I brightened my fire so as to illuminate somewhat the whole pool, lay down beside it upon my weedy couch and continued to whistle. Presently, in a distant part of it, close beside a dark rift or aperture in the rock, I saw four round eyes apparently watching me and perfectly motionless. I continued whistling so at intervals for more than two hours, hardly making any perceptible motion, during which time the animals had so far dismissed their fear that I could see them swimming about the pool and sometimes coming to the edge and resting there. I was particularly anxious to make friends with these animals, for I feared that in their alarm they might desert the youngster, who was almost of an age and size to shift for himself, and who, I knew, might gnaw through his tether at any time and make away, or his parents might cut it for him. Accordingly I now resolved to make the tether as strong as I could. This, fortunately, I could do. The "nostle" of my line—viz, the part between the line proper and the hook—was of wire, and in my flybook, which contained many sundries, I had a good roll of the same article. As I feared, however, to approach the pool while the parents were there, I ceased whistling and waited till the parents should disappear. Though I was in an agony of drowsiness, I contrived to keep myself awake and at length had the satisfaction of seeing them, one after the other, dive through the cleft. Then I wound the wire strongly round the whole length of the tether, and also very close and firm round the loop which encircled his neck. My life, I felt, depended on the excellence of my workmanship, and I did not spare pains. Then I returned to my fire, and after having covered up the burning embers deep in ashes lay down and in an instant was fast asleep. I slept profoundly, without a dream even at the moment of waking. When I awoke, I thought I was in my own bed at home; but, alas, the touch of the dry seaweed quickly banished that thought. Very cautiously and gradually, and whistling low all the time, I revived the fire. When the light was sufficient, I could see the parents lying beside their offspring and perfectly motionless. Then, too, I gladly perceived fish. I contrived gradually to edge my way toward them, whistling

Come flopping up the rock toward me with the fish in their mouths.

all the time. Though they made signs of motions of alarms, they did not flap off till I had come within half a dozen yards of them. I found near the little seal a white trout and a young pollock, injured only by the marks of teeth, and after petting and making much of my little friend, who testified his pleasure at seeing me with many cries and awkward little jumps, returned to my fire and cooked my breakfast. Of course I had determined to make an exploration of the whole cavern, but did not dare to do so until I had first established perfectly friendly relations with the creatures upon whose presence my life depended. I perceived, too, that, owing to the intelligence and I might almost say humanity of these amiable and interesting animals this, though difficult, was only a work of time. I may add that I now began to regulate my life according to the time of day and night and to keep myself related with the upper world by going to sleep at about 10 o'clock. No one who has not known such solitude as mine can be aware how much society there is in a watch and its friendly, scarce audible ticking. The whole of that day, with the exception of the time that I spent taking exercise in the vicinity of Curry's Window and in the genial light of day, I devoted myself to making friendly advances to the seals. It was slower work than I had expected, but at the end of the fifth day they allowed me to touch them and stroke down their smooth polls just as I would a dog. Next day, as I approached them still very cautiously, they uttered cries of joy and affection, and by the evening our relations were satisfactory in every respect. That day, having for some time perceived that the little seal was pining for the water, I let it flap thither, and holding the tether in my hand sat for more than an hour watching its delighted gambols as it dived and rose there, romping with its parents in a manner that would have delighted the hardest heart. Every day after this I allowed it to indulge in the same amusement even for several hours. I knew that this swimming exercise was necessary for its health. Yet only half my work with the seals was now accomplished. The little seal might die, or the parents, finding it big and strong, therefore uninteresting, might neglect to bring it food. I had to teach the parents to bring me food, and this I did. When one of them appeared on the edge of the pool with a fish in his mouth, I used to take it from him myself, make much of him and stroke him and whistle the air he seemed to like best for his special edification. Then I cut out a piece of the fish and gave it to the youngster, but always insisted upon the fish being first given to myself. Eventually they always did this of their own accord and would even pass by the youngster and come flopping up the rock toward me with the fish in their mouths. All this, as may be imagined, was a work of time. Yet the whole business of training the seals took only a little more than three weeks.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FURTHER EXPLORATIONS.

Like Robinson Crusoe, of whom I often thought, I kept an almanac. One of the largest and smoothest bowlders was used by me for this purpose. Like him, I made a stroke for each day—a long stroke for Sunday—and at the beginning of each month wrote its name, all, of course, with the point of my knife. After I had accustomed the seals to my presence, though before I had taught them to bring me fish, I began to explore the remainder of the cavern and in the same way as I had explored it from the window to the seal pool—by lighting a series of fires. A little beyond the pool I found that the cavern forked, one gallery, which was the smaller, terminating in another pool of unknown depth—I tried, but could not sound it—in which the tide rose and fell—a terrible and mournful place, which, after that sounding, or trying to sound, I never afterward visited. The other gallery was of huge extent and ran far inland. When I first penetrated this gallery, I noticed at one point that the air seemed to be fresher than elsewhere and could perceive a slight motion in the flame of my torch. This, of course, was evidence that somewhere here there was communication with the outer world. Though I scanned eagerly the roof of the cavern, I could perceive there no welcome slit of sky. Nevertheless I felt sure that a way to the outer world existed at this point, though probably so winding as not to permit the access of light. Then, as I recalled the physical character of that outer world under which I was entombed, I remembered a cleft opening into a deep and horrible abyss which had always possessed a fascination for myself and my younger brothers. It was called the "Devil's Parlor," and many times we rolled down stones here and listened with awestruck delight to their clashing and rattling as they went down into subterranean depths. I used to maintain that it was bottomless and penetrated into the center of the earth, because I never could hear the final clash which told that the stone was at rest below. Then I searched around, and here, sure enough, did find a variety of stones, cast down no doubt by the hands of many boys at many times. Also I found many bones of animals, goats and sheep, which from time to time during past centuries had fallen thither while they grazed carelessly on the edges of the abyss or had been driven into it by dogs or wolves. "If only one such would fall in here now," I thought to myself ruefully as my imagination drew pleasing pictures of roast meat. In truth, I was becoming heartily tired of my fish diet, which was beginning to affect my health and still more noticeably my strength. I blazed my way to the end of this gallery, the extreme limit of my gloomy kingdom. Here I made a singular discovery. Against the black wall of the cave there stood on end a great white bowlder, lozenge shaped—that is to say, somewhat flat and oblong. Examining this, I discovered upon it not only a variety of circles, but a curious engraving, something like a bent bow with straight strokes upon it on the concave side. I noticed, too, upon the edges a variety of scorings which traveled around to the side of the slab, which was hidden from view. Feeling all around with my hand, I came to one point where I could pass it between the slab and the rock. There was a hollow space behind, how large I could not tell, but apparently considerable. As it was evident that this slab had been set up here by men's hands and in order to block access to the cavity behind, I at once concluded that this well protected pocket was a treasure chamber or perhaps a tomb. I threw in some lighted timber, and flinging more upon the top of it and making a blaze I applied my eye to the cavity. I saw an earthen crock about the size of a large flowerpot, filled with something which I could not distinguish, but did notice, both there and elsewhere, what looked like metal of some kind. Owing to the smoke, which rapidly gathered there, I saw nothing distinctly and after a moment or two, owing to the same cause, saw nothing at all. "This," I said, "is surely old Curry the smuggler's treasure chamber. If I ever get alive out of this den, I will come back with my brother Ned. Together we will blast away this bowlder or contrive in some other way to rifle the old villain's treasures."

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER ATTEMPTED ESCALADE.

After I had thoroughly explored the whole cavern and perceived that no other outlet of an available character existed, I commenced to draw every movable article which I could discover to Curry's Window—stones, gravel, debris of all kinds, bones, etc. I knew that the supply was utterly inadequate to enable me to mount to the aperture, but would make the attempt nevertheless. Of course it failed, but a certain portion of the incline was thus made ascendable, and this was something. The storms of the approaching winter might fling in sufficient driftwood, boards and even beams big enough to enable me to construct a ladder. This idea of a ladder was present in my mind almost from the moment that I entered my prison. The extreme brittleness of the timber, among which there was hardly a solid bit, had prevented me from making the attempt before. I now determined to utilize the skeletons of the sheep and goats for the purpose and unwind the tether of the young seal to supply fastening material, keeping only the wire for tether. On the day after I discovered those bones I set to work. Many of them were too brittle to be of any use; some were sound; others, though too brittle or too small to be separately of sufficient strength to bear my weight, I bound together. Some of the fresher driftwood I treated in the same manner. Though I knew that I had neither material enough nor twine enough, I labored on. With every round made I was coming nearer to my deliverance. Yet I believe my fishing rod could supply more material for the latter than all the rest put together. Seeing that even by cutting up the latter my ladder would not be near long enough, I forbore to destroy the rod, knowing that I could do it at any time. It was well that I refrained, though I have not had occasion to mention the fact yet. Shortly after my imprisonment I was aware that pigeons of the slate colored variety, common along this coast, were in the habit of roosting somewhere in this cave. In the dusk of the evening I had often seen them as they whirred through the window and disappeared into the interior darkness. While I was engaged in taming the seals I had made a close exploration of the cavern, with the hope of finding their roost, and at last discov-

Fastened it tightly around his leg and let him go

ered it. Standing perfectly still in different parts of the cave and listening intently, I could at one point hear them making little sleepy noises, but at such a height above me that, though I kindled a considerable fire here, I could not see them. Now, however, shortly after that exploration of the long gallery, I heard similar noises at a different point and seemingly proceeding from a spot much nearer to the floor of the cavern. Here, with the aid of a torch, I could see some half dozen of them upon a ledge, all very close together. Next day I fastened a large cunner hook to the extremity of my fishing rod and leaned the rod against the ledge upon which they roosted. I then lit a fire, such as would throw a faint light upon the ledge, and lay down close to the rod. Duly the pigeons arrived and took up their night quarters. They looked at first a little surprised, and kept peering about with their little, bright round eyes, but presently clustered close together, as their custom was, and seemed to fall asleep. Indeed they were by this time pretty well used to the fires and lights of the cavern. Cautiously grasping the rod with one end and bringing the point of the hook over the back of one of the sleepers, I drew the rod down quickly, yet gently. I had the satisfaction of knowing that my prey was secured. My fear, of course, was that he might be mortally injured; but, as it turned out, he was not. I had not the least intention of turning him into food. My intention was to utilize him as a messenger. I now cut off the corner of my pocket handkerchief, the corner which bore my initials, fastened it tightly round his leg and let him go, nor did I ever see him afterward. I was afraid that the remainder would not again use this roost, but a few nights afterward two of them settled down here, while I, as usual, lay in wait below. I struck down and secured one of them in the manner that I have already described. To the leg of this pigeon I tied my ring. It was one which if the bird were shot or taken would be at once identified as mine by any member of our family, for on the inside it was engraved with a Latin inscription. It had been given to me by a greataunt a few years before. I afterward captured a third and to him fastened a gold shirt stud of a peculiar pattern, which I felt sure my brother Ned at least, who often examined it curiously, would at once identify as mine. After this third capture I could effect no more for a long time. The birds were quite frightened away from that perch. Finally, not long before my brother Edward made his way to me, I caught a fourth. Round the leg of this messenger I wrapped tightly a piece of my handkerchief, on which I had inscribed with blood characters a statement of my whereabouts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pueblo, Col., lodge of the American Railway union has voted not to handle coal mined by non-union men.

J. Scherer, a farmer, while cutting wheat near Mascoutah, Ills., was thrown in front of the sickel of the harvestor by his runaway team and was so mangled that he will die.

THE STREET CAR CON.

HE MUST BE EXCEPTIONALLY GIFTED AND WELL TRAINED.

When You Understand, You Will See That It Is Not "Dead Easy" to Be a Conductor. Patience, Politeness and Readiness Required In the Position.

The common notion that the army of men employed by the street railway companies of this town average low in education, intelligence and skill is hardly true. The man who holds his place for several years as a street car conductor must be much above the broad average in all those things, and what is true of conductors is true in greater or less degree of other classes of street railway employees.

It is not easy to pick from 1,000 men 50 who have the faculty of detail sufficiently developed to make them good conductors. The permanent body of conductors is a picked corps of men that has been sifted out by a long process. The labor unions have been able to enforce some of their demands as to pay, hours and some minor regulations, but they have not been able to prevent the discharge of conductors for seemingly slight offenses—when the offense was not a pretext for reaching a man who had made himself too active as a member of the union.

No conductor, therefore, can long retain his place unless he have the memory and the will to observe a host of petty regulations. The man who cannot accept the discipline of such regulations must make some mistake and bring about his own dismissal. Only men who are prompt, sober, patient and polite can hold places as conductors. A man of violent temper, of ill controlled nerves, of easily confused head, is sure to have a short career.

It thus happens that one almost never sees a conductor drunk on duty; that the great mass of conductors keep their wits about them when the cars are crowded; that conductors are rarely impolite to passengers. Men taken at random even from the learned professions could hardly be expected to discharge the duties of a conductor with success. The men show the effects of their discipline in a hundred ways, and it would not be difficult for an observant person to pitch upon newly appointed conductors.

There is for the faithful conductor the prospect of more or less distant promotion. The peculiar qualities of the men are quickly brought out by the stress of the trade, and when a conductor has been thoroughly proved there is a chance for him when a vacancy occurs in the grade immediately above his own.

Education and natural intelligence count much in the matter of promotion. Any man who will take the trouble to have a word with the conductor now and then will soon discover that conductors, as a class, are above the average in education. Their speech is not elegant, but it is usually free from the blunders of the densely ignorant.

Men of more than average intelligence and education are willing to be street car conductors, partly because the work is more agreeable than that of many manual laborers of about the same pay, partly because an efficient and faithful man is sure of his place, and partly because there is some hope of promotion. The permanance of the place is perhaps its chief attraction. Street railways never shut down even in the dullest times.

The force is reduced at certain seasons of the year, and a small percentage of the cars are taken off, but the majority of the conductors are needed the year round, and when dismissals take place the inefficient and inexperienced men are the ones to go. The companies like to keep track of promising men, for there always comes a time when the force must be increased, and the companies prefer men they know.

The situation of drivers, hostlers and the like is not so fortunate as that of conductors, because these classes of workmen are on the average less intelligent and educated than the conductors. Then, too, these times, when motive power is changing, are hard for men who know horses only. The driver who cannot develop into a gripman or trolley man is in a ticklish position.

As to the men above the grade of conductors, they are of many sorts, but most of them are undergoing the discipline of hard work under the watchful eyes of their superiors. Pay is not high, but places are reasonably secure. The man who has risen from the grade of conductor to an executive post must have acquired an unusual faculty of detail, promptitude, alertness and decision. In all these matters the street railway companies are schools where the practical lessons of life are taught by daily iteration.

The result is that each company has a trained army of men, whence the idle, incompetent and negligent have been weeded out, in order that the company's work may be done with precision and dispatch. No two companies require exactly the same sort of men for those places that bring them in contact with the public, and the character of conductors especially is noticeably differentiated on various lines.—New York Sun.

Very Cautious.

Incensed Wife—It is impossible to live with him, the way he goes on. Why, the other night he came home and smashed my piano. What do you think of that?

Polite Lawyer—You will have to excuse me, madam, but it is impossible for me to give an opinion. You must remember that I have never heard you play.—Boston Transcript.

Humiliating.

"I don't like that fellow who has been calling here so regularly of late," said the lamp to the shade.

"What's your objection to him?" asked the latter.

"Because," replied the lamp, "he thinks he can turn me down on every occasion."—New York Herald.

PROVERBS ABOUT TREES.

Beautiful Thoughts Finely Expressed by the Eloquent Hindoos.

Many are the proverbs relating to trees which are to be heard in India. Among the proverbs that speak of the banyan, there is one which says, "As the banyan, so are its hanging shoots; as the father, so the son." This probably means that if the tree be in good soil and well nourished it will be strong and thriving; so will its shoots. Just so the father's health and character will be reflected in his son. Tales of brinjals growing on a banyan tree is an expression equivalent to "travelers' tales"—a gentle hit that the narrator is drawing the long bow. The nimb (Azadirachita indica) recalls a saying the appropriateness of which can be understood by those who know its thick shade, and who know also what the burning heat of a tropical sun is, "A mother's love is like the shade of the nimb tree."

It is a beautiful thing, this Hindoo mother's love, seldom, if ever, absent, and carried often even to such excess that it becomes weakness. It is so deep and true that it cannot understand—the action is altogether beyond its comprehension—that a mother could part with her young children for them to be educated in another country. The wild fig tree is said not to flower at all, yet people believe that it really does so, only it is at night, and then but for a minute or two, although if procured it is marvelously beneficial; hence it comes to be applied to a visit from a friend after long absence—a great rarity. Another form of it is, "To meet with the flower of the wild fig and to meet you are alike." There is a description of laziness than which it would be difficult to find anything more explicit, "To die from starvation beneath a ripe fig tree."

The teak tree (Tectona grandis) is the one tree of all others in India that is useful and indispensable. It is not, therefore, surprising to find this belief expressed as follows: "Among trees there is only one—the teak. The rest are old women." The same truth is expressed in a different way, "Wood of the teak and the child of a king." But these are the very best of their kind; as is the importance and rank of a prince among subjects, so is the quality of the teak among trees. Two sayings relating to the mango (Mangifera indica) may be given: "Let us throw a stone in the mango tree and see. If it hit, it will hit. If it doesn't, it won't." It is the equivalent of "having a shot" at a thing—trying to get something out of a good and benevolent man. If it succeed, well. If not, then there is nothing lost.—Times of India.

Testimony of Finger Prints.

When a finger or a finger print is closely examined under a lens of only moderate power, it is seen to abound in minute peculiarities. These are caused by the branchings of some of the ridges, the sudden appearance of new ones, the formation of rings, or ovals, like eyelets, and the abrupt stoppage of ridges without any apparent cause.

It is in these countless little peculiarities even more than in the general character of the pattern that the value of finger prints as proof of identity lies, for these appearances, however minute, do not change in the smallest particular during life. A pattern may be traced on the fingers of the babe when born; it will be found the same on those fingers when he has grown to manhood and may be imprinted from the fingers of the dead without change in the smallest point, though a hundred years should intervene between birth and death.

The pattern grows together with the finger. Its proportions vary with fatness or leanness. They may be further affected by wear, gout or age. But such changes appear in the pattern as a whole, never in the form of correlation of its constituent parts. The pattern may become altered in length or breadth by hard wear of a peculiar kind, but the number of ridges that concur in forming the pattern, their embranchments, their archings, loops and other minute characteristics, are not subject to change. They are indestructible as the finger.—All the Year Round.

Train Ferries In Europe.

English engineers, finding it necessary to adopt our system of train ferries, and not wishing to give us credit of inaugurating that system, have managed to discover a Sir John somebody who worked the whole thing up 15 years ago. A New York paper says: "There seems to be nothing in the way of running unbroken trains between London and Paris, except the necessary capital and the employment of sufficient technical skill. If the London, Chatham and Dover would combine with the Northern of France and employ an experienced American engineer to plan and construct the docks and appliances for embarking and landing the trains, and at the same time send to any of the shipbuilding establishments on our great lakes for a man to construct the ferry boats, the arrangement could be perfected in a year and a half or two years, when freight and passengers could be transported from any part of Great Britain to the continent, and eventually to all of Asia and Africa, without change of cars or break of bulk."

The system of train ferries will no doubt be established throughout Europe in a few years and will do much to expedite and cheapen transit.—Engineering Mechanic.

Patriotic.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Milder, "Charley was out rather late last night, but I didn't have the heart to scold him. He was engaged in a patriotic celebration."

"How do you know?" asked the woman whose husband was out with Charley.

"Because he came home with a lot of red, white and blue pieces of ivory. I don't know just what they are for, but the colors show they have something to do with patriotism."—Washington Post.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JULY 7, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Dorothy."

McVICKER'S THEATRE
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"An American Heiress."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Seabrooke.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

THE GREAT RAILROAD STRIKE.

The present powder-magazine condition of capital and labor in the United States is intolerable. Autocratic monopoly is the flint, and hot-headed toil is the steel that may at any moment plunge the great republic into a bloody and devastating social war. This condition of affairs has been developing itself for some time, and it only needed the friction of labor with the Pullman company to make the lightning appear in the edges of the thunder cloud. No doubt conditions at Pullman are exasperating to the working element, and the wise thing for the company to have done was to gracefully submit to the arbitration proposed by the leaders of the strikers. The refusal to do so was the starting point of the existing trouble. Now, however, like all movements of the kind, the strike has far outrun its original purpose. Not only is the Pullman company, the origin of the strike, boycotted, but the whole railroad system, mail, express, passenger and freight, is obstructed or threatened. Railroad employes go out by the thousand at the command of Eugene Debs. The public is discomforted, mails are tied up, freight trains are stalled, perishable goods rot in and pollute the air, and free communication between the different sections of the country is, for the present, terminated. All this is both lamentable and alarming. It shows a spirit of disaffection that should make American statesmen pause and ask themselves seriously whether or not they are to blame for this scandalous conditon of affairs. The friends of republican freedom blush for very shame at this exhibition of disorder in the face of the monarchies of the Old World, and the advocates of a stronger government take comfort in pointing out that under no monarchical government could such a state of things be permitted to exist.

There may be blame on both sides, but truth and justice compel us to declare that a too close copying of the relations of capital and labor in Europe by many capitalists in this country has had much to do with the present unhappy outcome. On the other hand, the working people are to blame for having deliberately swapped horses in crossing a particularly rapid and dangerous stream in 1892, when they deposed Harrison, the Protectionist, and elected Cleveland, the Free Trader. They evidently wanted European conditions, and they have them with a vengeance.

Grover Cleveland was unfortunate in having been elected president of the United States for the second time. Whatever credit he won for himself during his first administration, when a Republican senate stood in his path to protect him from error, has been lost in his second term, not yet half expended. He is like a rudderless boat tossed on the political waves, and seems to have lost all his alleged former capacity of governing. The present congress is a fitting adjunct to the incompetent president, and both will go down to history as the twin failures, in a monumental sense, of modern times.

While THE CITIZEN has sincere sympathy for over-worked and under-paid labor, it would, in a friendly way, warn the working people that any assault on national institutions, such as the mails, will be sternly resented by the great bulk of the nation. The government of the country, no matter by whom represented, must be respected, and order must, at any cost, be preserved. But while this must be done, those who legislate and govern must not lose sight of the fact that existing abuses must be rectified, and that brazen monopoly, which, in the words of Senator Sherman, has "grown rich by extortion," must be crushed by immediate remedial legislation. Otherwise the social condition of the country will continue to go from bad to worse, and the end will be anarchy and ruin.

DEATH OF JAMES SULLIVAN.

The newspaper and political circles of this city were startled in the afternoon of July Fourth by a statement that James Sullivan, one of the editors of the *Tribune* and formerly associate editor of THE CITIZEN, had died suddenly at the rooms of the Newspaper Club, of which he was president. On inquiry it was found that the melancholy intelligence was only too true. A tribute to the dead journalist from which we make excerpts, appeared in the *Tribune* of Thursday morning.

"Mr. James Sullivan, one of the old and trusted editorial employes of the *Tribune*, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at the rooms of the Newspaper Club. He had been at the office of the paper but a few minutes before, had handed in his morning's work, and then went to the club for lunch. He was talking with a friend when his head suddenly dropped on one side, he ceased to speak, and in three minutes he was no more. His death, which was due to heart failure, was quick and painless.

"Mr. Sullivan was first employed by this paper fifteen or sixteen years ago to write on Irish and British politics. Subsequently he worked as a general reporter and finally devoted himself exclusively to political and municipal matters and to editorial work. An Irishman by birth and a Home Ruler by principle, he had a remarkably thorough acquaintance with the political situation, not merely in Ireland, but also in England, Scotland, and Wales. He kept track of legislation relating to the Irish question and to all other questions which were before the parliament or the people of the United Kingdom. He was as well acquainted with the leading men of Great Britain and Ireland and their politics as with those of Chicago. His labors in this city to secure moral and financial support for the home rule cause never have been mentioned. He was too modest to desire it. But he did far more than those who have received unstinted praise. * * * Mr. Sullivan's services were of great value to the *Tribune*, and it appreciated them. He had not only this stock of special knowledge and these special qualifications, but he was an untiring worker. He wrote plain, clear, straightforward English, and did so with the greatest rapidity. In addition to all this he could be trusted implicitly. Not only was he incorruptible, a man whom no agent for a corrupt measure dared to approach, but he had a clear, sound judgment which neither prejudice nor affection could warp. So his employers confided in him while he lived, and mourn him now that he is dead. Their sorrow will be shared by all the members of the profession to which Mr. Sullivan took pride in belonging. For he was attached to newspaper work and would not have left it for any other. And all those with whom he was brought in contact, whether Republicans or Democrats, Catholics or Protestants, will sorrow over this unexpected death of one whom they liked and respected for his manifold merits as a friend and a gentleman.

"James Sullivan," says the *Tribune* in its local pages, "was born at Cooleygorman, County Limerick, Ireland, near the close of the year 1853, and was therefore not quite 41 years old. He received a liberal education and engaged in school-teaching in Ireland at an early age. When 20 years old he came to America and settled at once in Chicago, where is brother Jerry had been living for a year or more. He naturally first engaged in school-teaching here also, and his first position was in a district school in the neighborhood of Summit. Subsequently he became a teacher in a public school on the South Side.*

"Even while teaching in the public schools Mr. Sullivan betrayed a partiality for journalism and conducted a small guild paper called the *Teachers' Journal*. But he received his introduction to the city press in consequence of a series of letters he published on "The Uses and Abuses of the Public Schools." He first left his chosen profession for journalism, however, when John F. Finerty became a candidate for Congressman and employed Mr. Sullivan to take his place as editor of the THE CITIZEN during the campaign. After the election he had made up his mind to remain in his new calling and connected himself with the *Tribune* and preserved the connection until the day of his death.

"Mr. Sullivan was a member of a large family. He leaves two sisters and a brother in Ireland and six brothers in Chicago. His brothers in Chicago are Jerry B. Sullivan, with Clement, Bane & Co.; Patrick B. Sullivan, employed in the Postoffice; John B. Sullivan, in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court; Timothy Sullivan, in the Special Assessment Office; Michael B. Sullivan, in the employ of P. D. Armour & Co., and William Sullivan, who is a clerk in the general offices of the Fort Wayne railroad company. Mr. Sullivan was married in 1878 to Miss Rose McCarthy, who was at the time principal of one of the West Side public schools, and who survives him. He leaves also three children, the oldest of whom, Daniel, is 14 years old. He was the founder and President of the Newspaper club, a member of the Athletic, Sheridan, and Columbus clubs, but of no secret organization."

He visited Ireland for the first time since he left its shores last summer, and bade farewell to his aged mother. He visited London and Dublin and associated himself chiefly with the members of the McCarthy wing of the Irish Parliamentary party, for which he, Daniel Corkery and some others recently raised a fund in this city. He was a man of intense likes and dislikes, the latter very frequently unjust. His nature was rather shy and sensitive, but he was very impulsive and often said and wrote things of which he repented in his moments of good nature, which were frequent. Mr. Sullivan could hardly be called an Irish Nationalist, in the true sense of the term. He leant toward the Whig policy and believed in a provincial parliament dealing with purely local affairs, in Ireland. It would be unjust to say that he did not sincerely love his native country, but we never could agree with him, even when he was our associate, in his notions of Anglo-Irish politics. He was, however, honest in his opinions and never, for the sake of popularity, sailed under false colors. His first regular connection with journalism began on THE CITIZEN in January, 1882, and, as a general thing, he kept close to the line of policy marked out at the foundation of the paper. The *Tribune's* views on Irish matters were more in harmony with his own, and hence his success on that paper from the start. In the death of James Sullivan the Irish Whig interest in Chicago has suffered a severe blow. He was, by all odds, the ablest man of that persuasion in this metropolis. His zeal and energy were marvelous, and he had a dogged resolution which nothing could subdue. The hard work he performed in the line of duty, and the fact that his nervous energy was always at high pressure, no doubt hurried him to the grave. He had no notion of personal ease or enjoyment and delighted only in work and bustle. No man of the American press read so omniverously of magazines and newspapers, American and European. It was an everyday occurence to see James Sullivan, his head down and his legs taking long strides, all his pockets filled with newspapers, hurrying along the streets. Taken for all in all, he was an extraordinary character, and leaves nobody that resembles him in mental make-up to take his place upon the press. We have had our differences, on public questions, with Mr. Sullivan, but we sincerely lament his death, and tender to his afflicted widow and children, together with his other relatives, our respectful sympathy.

*If we mistake not Mr. Sullivan was at one time principal of a branch high school in this city.

MR. FRANK CROWE.

The most prominent Republican candidate for congressional honors in the Fourth District of Illinois, which comprises the Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth and Nineteenth Wards, is Mr. Frank Crowe, a young and well known lawyer, distinguished in local political campaigns as an eloquent and effective speaker. The Nineteenth ward received no recognition on the Republican county ticket, and as it is largely inhabited by Irish-Americans, the selection of Mr. Crowe, who belongs to that element, as standard bearer of the party in the Fourth District would be good politics. Mr. Crowe is a protectionist, and, therefore, a champion of the cause of the working people of this country.

BISHOP M'QUAID IN A TANTRUM.

Old Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., has made peace with the Ancient Order of Hibernians. For years he and they have been at war, more or less. The annual convention of the order in the State of New York assembled at Rochester on Monday, June 25, and the members attended mass in the morning at St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was the first time they were so recognized by the venerable prelate, who has a remarkable genius for getting into rows with his own fellow-countrymen. As might have been expected, Bishop McQuaid did not let the occasion pass without unbosoming himself of the opinion he entertains of all Irish societies that consider an oath necessary for more perfect organization. Here is what he had to say on the subject:

"Attention was chiefly at one time attracted to the order by its sympathy with the 'Mollie Maguires' of Pennsylvania, a murderous organization that slaughtered its victims by the dozen and consigned to the scaffold its agents, many of whom had committed the crimes for which they died by virtue of the oath they had taken. The Hibernians of those days were implicated in the crimes of the 'Mollie Maguires.' It is well for the men of this generation to know and remember these facts. I do not believe that the order as an order counselled or sanctioned such crimes, but designing men in the order used it and its dupes for their own nefarious purposes. What took place in the past may take place again; hence, the need of proper provisions and precautions.

"Another society over which the curse of God seems to hang—the Clan-na-Gael—sought to make use of the Hibernians for their purposes. Some of the Clan-na-Gael worked their way high into the order. Fortunately for the Hibernians, they have not been led astray or duped. Yet the presence of members or ex-members of condemned societies in the Hibernian organization aroused fear in the minds of many who were disposed to aid a seemingly worthy order, provided it could be done consistently with the always safe teachings of the Church. For many reasons it is not expedient but rather it is highly dangerous for an American society to be affiliated with a parent society in any of the countries of Europe. We are well rid of Europe, and the less we have to do with it the better. But when the European society is a secret, oath-bound organization, such as the Free Masons, the Carbonari, the Fenians, the Clan-na-Gael, etc., our American societies, organized chiefly for mutual aid and benevolent purposes, become smirched by the wrongdoings of their foreign associates, and the evil grows in magnitude."

The members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians can best reply to the bishop's uncalled-for and almost brutal taunt in regard to their connection with the Molly Maguire organization, of Pennsylvania. All the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians we have ever known appeared to be decent, industrious, God-fearing men, whose chief object in life was to do good to their fellows. As for the Clan-na-Gael, so-called, over which Bishop McQuaid charitably suggests "the curse of God seems to hang," we do not think it unjust to say that the rank and file of that body are as good Catholics as Bishop McQuaid, and much better Irishmen and Americans. He associates the Fenians with the Carbonari and other foreign societies. The Fenians, as a body, were men of courage and honesty several of whom died and many of whom suffered imprisonment or exile for the cause of Ireland. They were opposed bitterly and remorselessly by two or three Irish prelates, who must have sprung from the same tribe as Bishop McQuaid—Cardinals Cullen and McCabe and Bishop Moriarty. These three hierarchs worshipped the English connection with Ireland and hated all who would oppose it. Hence their hatred of the Fenians. It was bishops of Dr. McQuaid's type who made the Carbonari potent in Italy. It was Cardinals Cullen and McCabe and Bishop Moriarty who, by their opposition, made the Fenians powerful in Ireland. Those who knew Charles Kickham, Edward Duffy and Peter O'Neill Crowley will smile in scorn at Bishop McQuaid's allusion to the Fenians. The Men of Manchester, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, were Fenians. Their last prayer upon the scaffold was "God Save Ireland." Are they men that deserve to be sneered at by an Irish-American prelate?

Let us be thankful that Bishop McQuaid stands alone in his offensiveness towards patriotic Irish societies—who are foolish enough to put themselves within reach of his scolding voice—in America. Such a prelate would be sufficient to drive many over-sensitive people into indifferentism. Fortunately his reputation as a time-honored kicker is well established throughout the country. We wish to respect him in his spiritual capacity, but we do not think we are harsh in saying that he is never right on a secular subject. He has fought everything that appeared useful to Ireland within the last twenty years. In fact nothing or nobody seems to suit him except "kicking" and Bishop McQuaid. We therefore leave him in congenial company.

KEIR HARDIE SMITES ROYALTY.

Keir Hardie, the advanced English Radical, who represents the vanguard of the British labor army in the house of commons, has shocked all England and some of America by his speech of last Wednesday in denunciation of the motion to congratulate Wales' son, the Duke of York, on the birth of "the Earl of Kent." The latter "prince of the blood" is about a fortnight old, and has just begun his acquaintance with catnip and diapers. This poor little infant is to be made ridiculous at his birth, almost, by the bestowal of a title of which he can no more comprehend the "honor" than a calf can appreciate a holiday. It is somewhat astonishing that Mr. Hardie stood alone in his manly protest against voting the congratulations, and yet the unspeakable Irish "National"(ugh!) Parliamentary party, eighty strong, counting both factions, allowed this to happen! As God sees us, we don't blame the English Radicals for despising these abject moral cowards. Can it be that Ireland and the Irish—the land and the people we have loved and believed in—are truly "represented" by such creatures as these? Mr. Hardie, as a matter of course, comes in for ridicule and abuse at the hands of the flunkey press of Great Britain and Ireland, and even in this country he is not spared. But his words, notwithstanding, will be remembered long after his defamers are dead. Even the cable man is shocked by the audacity of Mr. Hardie, for here is the account he sends us from London, under date of June 28:

"There was an unprecedented incident in the house of commons this evening when Sir William Vernon Harcourt, supported by Mr. Balfour, moved an address of congratulation to the queen upon the birth of an heir to the Duke of York. The motion was about to be put when James Keir Hardie, probably the most prominent of the labor members of parliament, arose and said:

"'I owe allegiance to no hereditary ruler. (Cries of 'Oh! oh!') The motion proposes to raise the importance of an event of everyday occurrence. I am delighted to learn that the child is fairly healthy. (Cries of 'Oh! oh!') I shall be pleased to join in the ordinary congratulations if I meet the child's parents, but when the house of commons, representing the nation, is asked to join in congratulations, then, in the interest of the dignity of the house, I protest. There is one aspect of the question which concerns the house of commons. A cabinet minister was required by law to be present upon this interesting occasion. I submit that such a proceeding is not calculated to enhance the dignity of this house in the eyes of the nation. (Cries of 'Order, rot.') You may say 'rot,' continued Hardie, 'but if you mixed with those you represent you would find that the people view this matter in a different manner. It seems to me that some protest ought to be made in this connection. It is a matter of small concern to me whether the future ruler of this country is a genuine article or a spurious one. The motion was made because the child was born in the royal family, and the house has a right to ask what particular blessing the royal family has conferred upon the nation.

"We are told that the queen has ruled for half a century. I beg to correct this by saying that her majesty has reigned, not ruled. There is the Prince of Wales. What special blessing has he conferred upon the nation, that we should rejoice with him?" [Col. Saunderson, the Orange leader, here moved that Hardie be no longer heard. Sir William Harcourt said he hoped Col. Saunderson would not press his motion, and Hardie was allowed to continue.]

"I know nothing in the career of his royal highness which commends itself to me. We are told that a fierce light beats on the throne, but sometimes we catch glimpses of his royal highness on the race course. ('Ohs' and cries of 'Question.') We know one thing and that is that as the Duke of Cornwall he draws £60,000 yearly from property in London.' [The speaker said Mr. Hardie must confine himself to the resolution.] Hardie resumed, saying: 'The house is asked to rejoice because a child is born. But up to the present there are no means of knowing his qualifications to reign over this great empire. It is strange that people who have so much to say about the hereditary element in another place should be so willing now to indorse it in this particular instance. The principle is the same in both cases. This child will be surrounded by sycophants and flatterers and will be taught to believe himself superior to creation. In course of time he will tour the world with rumors of morganatic marriages in his train. (Cries of dissent.) As the house has not found time to vote condolence with the widows, orphans and others who are suffering from the terrible colliery calamity in Wales, I protest against the present mummery.' The motion was then put, Hardie alone protesting, and it was adopted amid prolonged cheering. The budget discussion was then resumed."

We suppose the members of the Irish Parliamentary party joined in the "prolonged cheering" which followed the announcement of the vote. THE CITIZEN thanks Keir Hardie, the English Republican, for having had the manliness and courage to rebuke kingcraft superstition in the house of commons. There was a vast deal of common-sense philosophy in his remark that it mattered little to the people whether the newly born prospective ruler was legitimate or not, and his masterly slap at the Duke of York, who, as is alleged, was married in the East before he "espoused" his present "royal" m—wife(?) was timely and struck home. But York, to do him justice, has family precedent to sustain him in his conduct. His granduncle, George IV, had a large and interesting family by a lady to whom he was properly married, before he "espoused" Caroline, that "daughter of Brunswick," whom he subsequently sought to divorce. William IV, another granduncle, also made a "half-shell" marriage. York's venerable cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the British army, is in the same boat. It may be pleaded in mitigation, however, that the Royal Marriage act prohibits any heir apparent from marrying a subject without the consent of the reigning sovereign. Fancy the position in which this act places a man. He is held no higher, morally, than an animal, with a pedigree, who is assigned the duties of a sire. The degradation of the selected "royal" female is quite as great, perhaps even greater.

There was also a good deal of homely and refreshing truth in Hardie's statement that the present queen had reigned, not ruled, for more than fifty years. No wonder that he exclaimed, "I owe allegiance to no hereditary ruler!" He might as well owe allegiance to a hereditary rubber stamp.

SALISBURY IS "CUTE."

The Marquis of Salisbury, ex-premier of England and leader of the Tory party, is not lacking in oratorical ability. Neither does he fail to understand the sentiments of the masses of his countrymen. Following is an excerpt from a political speech recently delivered by him at a London dinner, before a crowd of "middle-class" Englishmen:

"He ventured to make one suggestion. If they desired to hear less of the house of lords, and that its activity should be less predominant, let them take care that the house of commons was in harmony with the wishes of the people of this island, and especially of the wishes of England. He ventured to say that a house of commons which had England heartily at its back would never have much reason to complain of the house of lords."

Anyone who reads between the lines can observe that Salisbury means the rejection of the home rule bill by the house of lords. The "wishes of England" must be first taken into consideration. The wishes of England are what they have always been—to keep Ireland where she is, a slave and a mendicant. After all, is not Rosebery's meaning the same as Salisbury's? Has the former not said that England must first be converted to the home rule idea before it can be made practical?

THE Fourth of July, which should be called Independence Day, was more generally celebrated throughout the country this year than usual. This is a good sign of the times, notwithstanding disorders caused by greedy monopolists and resentful laborers.

MR. GEORGE MOGUL PULLMAN must be a very gallant man—one calculated to make Americans proud of him as a fellow countryman. Nero, as is said, fiddled while Rome burned, but Pullman, leaving Chicago in the throes of a strike of his own creation, sneaks out of town to a New Jersey seaside resort, and is engaged in fighting mosquitoes, while United States troops hold in check the people Pullman's inflexible exaction has driven temporarily insane. The American flag is a free flag—the flag of the whole people, but it cannot be put to a worse use than covering the acts of monopolists like Pullman, whose heartlessness drives to desperation thousands who love the flag and who would, if necessary, die to defend it. Pullman, if he is a man, ought to pull himself back to Chicago and manfully face the trouble he has created.

THE Dublin *Weekly Independent*, speaking of the military tournament, of June 23 says: "The Royal Irish Regiment completely defeated the Grenadier Guards in the bayonet fighting. Only one of the Grenadiers stood at the close, while seven out of a team of eight of the Royal Irish were still unsubdued."

THE verdict of the jury in the case of Prendergast, the assassin of Carter Harrison, whose sanity was on trial before Judge Barton Payne, renders it almost certain that the murderer will be executed on July 13. The governor alone can now stay the sentence of death.

HON. I. N. PEARSON, ex-secretary of State for Illinois, was recently married to Miss Jennie M. Robinson at Springfield, Ill.

MR. KILLELEA, of Nashville, Tenn., has written another letter on "Irish unity" to the Southern papers. He might as well save himself the trouble, as so might all other Irishmen this side of the water. The Irish parliamentary party will not unite, and, for all practical purposes, it makes little difference whether they do or not. The McCarthyites are doing their best to "crush" the Redmondites—a pretty spectacle. The Redmondites, on the other hand, are very naturally determined not to be "crushed." Thus the merry war goes bravely on. The policy of "starving out" the contending parties has been abandoned in Chicago and other places. Money is being sent to furnish fuel to the flame of faction. Ireland burns and the English Nero fiddles undisturbed.

IT is announced from London that the Paris Fund, originally raised for the benefit of the Evicted Tenants in Ireland, will be handed over to Justin McCarthy by the house of Monroe, if Mr. Patrick Egan signs the release. The fund amounts to over $100,000.

THE late Col. S. D. Baldwin, city gas inspector under Mayor Harrison, was one of the best known members of the local Democratic party. His intimate knowledge of the gas business acquired for him the sobriquet of "Gas" Baldwin.

THE Rev. Father N. Jaeger, O.S.B., has been elevated to the dignity of abbot of the Abbey of St. Procopious, West Eighteenth and Allport streets. The installation ceremonies were held in the church of St. Procopious Wednesday morning. Archbishop Feehan celebrated pontifical high mass, and there was a large attendance of clergymen from the city and all parts of neighboring states.

A MRS. I. B. HAMMOND, who resides at No. 360 Dayton street, and who, in an interview, said she was the daughter of a British officer and a Southern lady, looked in vain for a Confederate flag to fly on the Fourth. She found a British Union Jack, however, and displayed that, neglecting at the same time to fly the Stars and Stripes. A patriotic mob assembled, tore down the Union Jack, delivered speeches, sang Union songs and set off firecrackers. Mrs. Hammond professed to be indignant at the conduct, but she has only her own want of judgment and patriotism to blame for it. The Stars and Stripes cannot be insulted with impunity in Chicago.

Tried and True is the verdict of people who take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The good effects of this medicine are soon felt in nerve strength restored, appetite created and health given.

Hood's Pills do not weaken, but assist digestion and tone the stomach. Try them.

WITCH OF GLENGARIFF.

How Emily O'Keefe Won and Lost a Lover by Practicing the "Black Art."

Mysteries of a Boiling Pot and a Black Cat With Three White Hairs On Its Breast.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

One of the most magnificent scenic regions in Ireland is that far-famed valley in North Cork, whose rugged grandeur surpasses even renowned Killarney, the glorious Vale of Glengariff. Its ravishing beauties defy all description, and the artist's brush and palette are laid aside in despair when that exquisite panorama, like a dream of fairyland, is unfolded to the view. The eye is met with a profusion of beauties that is absolutely bewildering. Like a cordon of giants, steep and rugged hills, of all altitudes and shapes, yet graceful in their recklessness of arrangement, stand guard over this Eden-like spot. Sliabh-na-Goil, the king of all, his cone-shaped head kissing the sun-gilt clouds, rises in silent majesty above his fellows.

Far in the rear stands Hungry Hill, from whose lake-crowned top comes dashing Adrigool, feeding on countless springs as it dashes along, and growing in volume, till, with seeming impatience to display its power, it leaps forth in a mighty cataract of fully 800 feet, widening as it falls and veiling in a spray of living glistening gems the bare and ragged sides of its mother mountain.

To behold the scene in all its sublime beauty, let the traveler ascend the mountain road till he reaches the place where the vista first bursts upon his view. As he stands upon the brow of the mountain, after his weary ascent, his heart must thrill at the transcendent grandeur of the panorama beneath.

Many thousand feet below is the broad Atlantic, its blue expanse stretching into space and dotted with islands. Along the valley creeps the silvery river, while nestled along the mountain sides are innumerable cottages, from which the peat smoke rises in tiny pale-blue columns. Dark green masses of trees appear in spots, and slender rivulets rush down into the valley, dashing over rocks and miniature precipices in the whitest of cascades. Fantastic rocks, like petrified monsters, clothed in the softest of verdure, everywhere abound, and majestic trees, graceful of form and almost fairy-like in the lace-like delicacy of their luxuriant foliage, enhance the beauty of this enchanted valley. Glengariff is truly the Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, in Ireland.

As usual with all similar romantic and picturesque spots, Glengariff has its legends; and, indeed, it would be strange if it had not, for a place more conducive to the creation of imaginative tales would be hard to find. There is an intense weirdness in its beauty, and in the mountain are many nooks and corners of decidedly uncanny appearance.

One of the legends is a strange one. Almost at the foot of the mountain road, a little more than a century ago, was a neat peasant cabin, the well-kept appearance of which denoted the occupants to be more than usually thrifty. At each side of the door a few flowers were cultivated, and at one side a vegetable garden was enclosed with a whitewashed hedge. There was an air of neatness about the place which brought it out in strong contrast to its fellows below.

Thomas O'Keefe was master of the cabin. His ostensible trade was fishing, but it was whispered that he possessed a side calling which he found more remunerative than snaring the finny tribes of the deep. In other words, O'Keefe was a smuggler, but then, what did it matter? The poorer classes had no love for either the government or its excisemen, and as for the gentry, well, their tables often sparkled with the cheer brought over in O'Keefe's little hooker.

The smuggler had one daughter, Eily. She was a girl of rare beauty, but as wild as she was beautiful. Perfectly conscious of her charms, she deemed herself of too superior a mold to mingle with her less-favored neighbor. The attentions of her humble masculine admirers were not scorned by her, however; no, indeed. She considered their admiration and adulation her meet due and exacted the tribute, very much to the disgust and chagrin of her rivals down the valley.

How long this state of affairs might have lasted there was no telling, for Eily was a sad coquette, but one day she awoke to the fact that she was deeply in love. The object of her passion was a young man, named Gerald Healy, a gentleman farmer, who in passing along the road that morning, had stopped at her door and asked for a drink of milk.

Gerald was handsome, he was educated, and he was rich. The latter, I regret to state, weighed more with Eily than the two former qualifications. He thanked his fair hostess for her gift and put spurs to his horse, promising to call at the cottage on his return journey.

The next afternoon the anxious ear of Eily, who was half wild with impatience for his reappearance, caught the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road and ran to the door just in time to welcome Gerald. The latter alighted, and tying his horse to the doorpost, entered the house at the girl's invitation.

This visit was soon followed by another and then another, till it was a rare evening that did not find Gerald at the O'Keefe cottage. In all his coming and going, however, he never breathed a word about marriage. He seemed willing enough to continue the flirtation, but that was just what Eily did not want. She was bent on marrying the young man by fair means or foul, and was almost in despair at not being able to bring him to the point.

One evening, an aged crone came to the door and asked for something to eat.

"Come inside, my good woman," answered Eily. "I'll try to find something for you."

"The wind blows cowld over the mountain," muttered the hag, seating herself before the fire and warming her withered frame before the cheerful blaze.

"Yes, indeed!" assented Eily. She thought of Gerald, riding across the mountain.

"Was that your husband, agra, that left here awhile ago?" queried the hag, and her two ferret eyes scrutinized Eily from beneath their shaggy brows.

"No, ochone, sure I wish that he was," sighed the girl, going to the door to take a last look at the road on which he was no longer visible. The hag seemed satisfied with her scrutiny and turned her face toward the fire again.

"A fine likely lad," she grunted, "and he might be yours if ye liked."

"What's that ye say, mother?" cried Eily, leaping to her feet and confronting the crone. "What was it ye said then?"

"Aye! he would be yours if ye had the proper courage," repeated the hag.

"Courage!" and with a scornful laugh Eily drew herself to her full height. "Courage; why woman I've gone out in a sailboat to meet my father's hooker when the waters ran as high as Sliabh-na-Goil beyond, and dashed into the boiling surf to rescue the valuable wreckage washed ashore. Can woman dare more?" In her excitement she dropped into the Irish tongue, which was more natural to her.

The hag laughed in a chuckling manner and answered in the Gaelic: "It is not the kind of courage that will serve you. Can you face the spirits of the air, the horrors of the grave, and the dwellers of the demon world? Can you face all these?"

"If I thought it would bring me Gerald I'd dare even the fiend himself," cried Eily, impetuously.

The hag rubbed her withered hands together gleefully, and showed her yellow fangs, which served her in lieu of teeth, in a grin. "The moon has risen, but will soon be buried in the clouds. Come with me and you shall have the means to win your lover's heart and hand. Ho! ho! what a fine wedding it will be!" Chuckling to herself in fiendish glee, the hag escorted Eily up into the mountain forest.

* * * * * * *

Gerald soon began to take new interest in Eily. He awoke to the fact that she was lovelier than any girl of his acquaintance, and little by little his love for her increased till he felt as though his entire existence was bound up in her. Eily had used her unholy art only too well.

The two lovers were seated outside of Eily's cottage one warm summer day, Gerald gazing into her eyes with that mad infatuation wrought by her strange spells.

"Eily, acushla," softly said Gerald, "if we were always together like this what a heaven it would be." The girl threw her arms around his neck and answered:

"Sure what's to prevent us if we like to have it so?"

"Then why should we not have it so?"

"I don't know," she answered coyly. Gerald drew her closer to him, and holding up her chin and gazing down into her eyes, asked:

"Why not name the day, Eily darling?" The color came and went in the girl's cheeks, and he could feel her heart throbbing in her breast. She cast her eyes downward and made no answer, so Gerald continued: "Why not make it a month from today, and I'll have our little home ready so we can go into it at once?"

"I think ye had betther wait till we can spake to my father. He'll be home tomorrow, and, of course, I would not like to do anything till he gives his consent, though I know it will be all right, for he likes you."

Gerald agreed to this proposition, which was but reasonable, and as heavy clouds, indicative of a thunder-storm, began to gather out over the ocean and were already muttering their threats, he kissed her good-bye and hastened down the mountain. Ere he reached the foot, however, the storm burst over him in all its fury. Peal after peal of thunder rang through the glen like salvos from whole parks of artillery, while the vivid flashes of lightning played around him in an awful manner. The rain fell in perfect torrents, and Gerald was glad enough to seek the shelter of a peasant's cabin by the wayside.

"Take off your things, Masther Gerald," said the peasant, pointing to the fire, where the woman of the house was preparing supper. "The woman will dry them for you."

"No," replied Gerald, "the storm will hardly last long, and it is scarcely worth while." A blinding flash succeeded his remark, and then followed a clap of thunder which seemed to shake the whole valley. Far up the mountain a flame was seen to suddenly burst out and the occupants of the little cabin started.

"The Lord save us!" exclaimed the woman. "I believe that's O'Keefe's cabin that was sthruck."

"My God!" cried Gerald, in agony of fear, "and Eily is there alone." Seizing his hat he was about to dash out of the door when the peasant interposed his body between him and the opening. "Don't go, Masther Gerald, don't go, for God's sake. There do be sthrange doin's up on the mountain these times, and your life will be in danger."

Gerald pushed him aside and darted up the mountain path. Three miles up the side of a steep mountain is no child's play, but the active young mountaineer, filled with nervous excitement, was but a short time in making the ascent. On reaching the cabin he was startled and delighted to find no trace of fire there. He tapped at the door, and receiving no answer, pushed it open and entered. He started back in amazement. It was empty.

"Eily; Eily," wailed Gerald. "What if she should be out in all this storm?" He ran out of the place, and far up the mountain he beheld a column of smoke ascending. Thinking that perhaps Eily had gone to ascertain what was on fire, he climbed up the side of the mountain at a rapid pace over fallen trees, slippery rocks, and leaping over swollen streamlets. In a few minutes he came to a clearing and halted in amazement at the sight which met his gaze. In a cavelike recess, in the side of the hill, was the fire, the smoke from which he had seen from below. Around it were grouped seven frightful old hags, with parchment skin, bleared eyes and forms stooped with infirmity or old age. One was standing by the side of a huge iron pot, which hung over the fire and into which she steadily gazed, while the rest of the creatures were seated on stones, stumps and similar seats around the blaze. Suddenly another figure appeared at the rear of the circle, at the sight of which Gerald started back in terror. It was Eily. In her arms she bore a bundle of dry sticks, with which she fed the fire. What could she be doing here, and in such company? Gerald's first impulse was to rush in and demand an explanation, but curbing his impatience he awaited further developments.

"Is the pot boiling?" asked Eily of the hag who was watching it.

"It is," replied the crone. "Where is the victim?" Eily laughed in a harsh manner.

"It lies yonder in a bag," she answered. "It was a hard task to get another black cat with the three white hairs on his breast, but Moya Dhu, there, found one for me."

Gerald was stunned. Was this, indeed, his own sweet Eily? Was this associate of adepts in the black art, and she herself a practicioner in it, the girl who had always appeared so pure? It was hard to believe it, but there was the evidence before his eyes.

One of the women brought forth a sack from the cavern and dragged it to where her companions were sitting. The entire assemblage at once arose and began to chant a strange song, the words of which Gerald could not catch. Then the bag containing the cat was tossed into the air, and from one to the other around the circle. It was then placed on the ground, and each of the hags, muttering an incantation, struck the bag a blow with her staff. At first a faint cry came from the bag, but after the fourth or fifth blow it ceased and all was still. The bag was opened and the body of the cat placed on the ground, where the firelight threw an uncanny glare upon it. One of the beldames, she who had watched the pot and who seemed to be the head priestess among them, approached, and with a sharp knife, extracted the heart and liver of the animal in the name of the Evil One.

Amid the incantations of the hags these were boiled until they became so dry that they could easily be reduced to a powder, then they were taken from the pot and handed to Eily, who wrapped them in a handkerchief, laughing as she did so.

"By the time this is used up I will be married to him and then can defy any other woman to take him away from me. Poor fool! If he only knew that I had been dosing him with this love powder for the past year he would never forgive me."

A cold perspiration oozed from every pore of Gerald's body. He reeled and would have fallen had he not clutched the tree behind which he was hiding. In a moment, however, he recovered himself, and filled with indignation, he burst from his hiding place and dashed amid the astonished women, crying:

"The poor fool knows all, and leaves you to henceforth choose your company from among the foul fiends you consort with."

Eily shrieked and fell senseless. The hags, with crutches upraised, gave a hideous yell and flew at him. Gerald raised aloft a rosary, which he always carried in his pocket, and pointing to it, cried:

"Back! ye creatures of the devil. The Savior of the world is with me." Growling and spitting with rage, the hags shrank back at the sight of the crucifix, and Gerald regained the road in safety. Once there, he lost no time in getting home, where he related his experience above Glengariff.

A party of men, armed with all kinds of weapons, ascended the mountain in pursuit of the witches. Guided by Gerald, they reached the spot where the orgie was held, but naught was found save the dead body of the cat and the dying embers of the fire. Down to the O'Keefe cottage went the crowd. The door was shut and bolted on the inside. Gerald stepped forward, and knocking, demanded that it should be opened. No answer was received, and one of the party, a young giant called Mihil Mor, from his great size, placed his shoulder to the door and drove it in. The men entered, but not a soul was to be seen. All looked aghast. There surely was some supernatural work going on, or how, with doors and windows fastened on the inside, could anyone escape from the cabin.

With pale faces and in silence the men returned to their homes, and for many years after few were found daring enough to venture past the spot after nightfall.

Gerald went abroad in a vain endeavor to forget his passion and Eily's treachery. After quite a long trip, which occupied nearly three years, he landed in the city of Cork, on his way home. As he passed the market place on his way to the inn, where a horse awaited him, he brushed against a wretched little witch of a creature who was toiling along with the aid of a stick. The woman uttered an exclamation and darted into the crowd, where she was at once lost to view. Gerald caught one glance of her face, but in that instant he recognized her. It was Eily O'Keefe; but oh, how changed. The once plump, well-rounded figure had given place to an aged, decrepit form. The fair face had become withered and wrinkled, and although but three years had passed, it might have been thirty. Gerald passed on; on to the old home near the fatal, yet beautiful Glengariff, where he ended his days without further contact with witchcraft.

THE late President Carnot was a great admirer of personal courage, in which he himself was by no means deficient. A year ago, in the heat of the World's Fair season, says an exchange, the President's attention was attracted by the story of a 10-year-old western girl who was strolling along a railway track one afternoon when she noticed that the trestlework spanning a deep ravine had caught fire. Jennie Creek, of Milford, had keen perceptions and presence of mind beyond her years. She knew that an express train was due, and that she was the only one who could warn it in time to prevent a terrible accident. She whipped off a red flannel petticoat which she was wearing and ran up the track as fast as her little legs could carry her. When the train came in sight she waved the danger signal frantically. The engineer responded quickly, and stopped the train before it reached the ravine. There were several French passengers on the train, and they carried the story home with them. President Carnot, after correspondence with Governor McKinley, sent to the little heorine a medal of the Legion of Honor.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

BY EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Thou wast that all to me, love
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine
All wreath'd with fairy fruits and flow'rs
And all the flowr's were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Oh starry hope that did arise
But to be overcast—
A voice from out the future cries
"On, on," but o'er the past
My spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For alas, alas with me
The light of life is o'er—
"No more, no more, no more"—
Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore—
Shall bloom the thunder blasted tree
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams,
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams!

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The United Irish Societies Meet and Select One.

The first meeting of the committee of the United Irish Societies was held Saturday, June 30, at McCoy's Hotel. John J. Mahony presided. Committees on speakers, grounds, and reception were appointed, with D. O'Connor, L. R. Buckley and William McCoy as the respective chairmen. The following are the executive committee:

M. J. Kelly, Frank Agnew, John F. Finerty, J. F. O'Conner, J. T. Gibbons, John Ansbro, H. Gibbons, Arthur Donoghue, Hugh Gleason, M. Whalen, William Joyce, J. J. O'Connell, P. V. Fitzpatrick, J. Markey, William Gavin, W. J. Doherty, L. Henely, P. L. McArdle, M. V. Gannon, J. Gibbons, M. Lamb, J. Dwyer, P. O'Brien, I. Sheridan, J. Dowling, L. R. Buckley, E. E. Walsh, T. Cullinane, J. Moynihan, J. J. Brennan, T. Burke, William McCoy, H. K. Jordan, J. McGovern, A. J. Ford, J. S. McCarthy, James O'Toole, J. McCaffrey, P. Breen, M. Devine, John Murphy, M. Mullens, J. T. Clark, P. J. Gibbons, P. Kealey, E. Cosgrove, J. Powers, P. Cunningham, Charles Reed, J. Moffitt, William Powell, M. O'Connor, P. Hannigan, J. Heffernan, D. O'Connor, D. L. Barry, F. McGuire, J. Walsh, M. Heeney, F. T. Colby, B. Sullivan, M. Fitzgerald, T. O'Neil Jones, Charles Barry, J. Ryan, Charles Brady, J. E. Long, T. Mulcahey, T. F. McCarthy, John Cronin, Peter Doyle, W. Carmody, T. McGinness, M. McDonough, James Brennan, T. Fitzgerald, John T. Keating, P. Flanagan, F. Conroy, M. Finegan, Charles Canty, W. Houlihan, Martin Mulcahy, J. P. Casey, P. Coakley, P. O'Brien, M. Waldron, J. J. Kennane, J. Sullivan, J. E. Finnegan, J. T. Hawkins, M. S. Hyland, M. W. Gleason, James McLennan, T. Boyland, M. McGuire, T. H. Clifford, T. Ahearn, J. McNiff, A. McCarthy, P. Scott, D. J. Delaney, P. Loftus, J. McLaughlin, B. Quinn,, James Ahearn,, D. J. Deasey, J. McNulty, M. Moran,, E. Munhall, E. S. Cummings, T. Shannon, A. Crane, P. Hughes, M. Foley, James Gubbins, P. C. Desmond.

The Book of the Fair.

The plan of our Book of the Fair is to present in type and picture, in the highest style of art, the entire Exposition within a reasonable space. To do this we cannot give in detail every exhibit, as this would be no less wearisome than uninstructive. Where there are twenty or forty similar displays of one industry, to present a few of the best, as example of the whole, giving more or less extended mention of the others, is obviously far better than to give them all in detail, which latter course would lead to ten or twenty bulky volumes which few would care to house or even to examine. We hope to accomplish all within the limits of 1,000 imperial folio pages, 12 by 16 inches. Publication in parts to begin with the opening of the Exposition, and continue at about the rate of two parts a month until the completion of the work in 30 parts of 32 pages each, price, $1.00 a part.—*The Book of the Fair by Hubert H. Bancroft.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

MILITARY PICNICS

The members of the Seventh Regiment celebrated the Fourth by holding a picnic in the afternoon and evening at Ogden's Grove, on Cayuga avenue. The grounds were thronged with people, who passed the time in athletic feats, on the floor of the dancing pavilion, and listening to stirring addresses. There were on the grounds the striking machine, the lung tester, the target man, the wheel of fortune, and all the other contrivances usually found on such occasions, and all were kept busy. At 4 o'clock p. m. Col. Coby introduced William H. Joyce, the chairman. Mr. Joyce said the Hibernian Rifles had for many years held annual picnics on this day and at this place, but this was the last annual picnic of the Seventh Regiment. Hon. M. V. Gannon spoke of the United States Government as the greatest hope for the liberty loving people of the world, and if it failed the world would never see another such. He alluded to the present trying times and urged his hearers whatever their sympathies not only to observe the laws themselves but to do all in their power to have them preserved intact by others.

—

The nineteenth annual picnic of the Clan-na-Gael Guards was held on the Fourth at Oswald's Grove, Fifty-second and Halsted streets. It was said to be the most successful event of the kind ever given by the organization. Four thousand people were present. In the afternoon the Gaelic Athletic Association gave exhibitions of football kicking, tugs-of-war, and various games. Frank Agnew presided over the meeting and was introduced by Maj. L. R. Buckley, both making short speeches. John T. Keating and Father O'Mahony, of Piper City, Ill., delivered the addresses of the afternoon. In the evening more speeches were made by James Maher and M. V. Gannon, and at the conclusion dancing was indulged in.

GAELIC POETRY.

[This fine piece of Gaelic poetry was taken down from the dictation of Mr. P. J. Larkin, 1823 Park avenue, Chicago. Mr. Larkin learned it with many other pieces of the kind, in the days of his early youth, more than fifty years ago, before leaving his home in the county Galway, Ireland. We hope to be able from time to time to lay before the readers of THE CITIZEN other pieces which have long been stored up in Mr. Larkin's exceptionally fine memory.]

—

[Ag so criochnughadh an rainn a raibh a thosach i g-cur amach na seachtmhaise so tharainn.]

—

Laíria Riocaird Mhóir.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

D'fheuch an fear abhus an bh-fear thall, agus rinne siad uile gáire—
"Feuchaidh Riocard Mór a's é air thóir a lárach!"
Do tharraing me linb do chleith orra, le go rianfinn leó an t-ádhmad,
Acht is damhsa féin ba mheasa—cuireadh me air mo thór ann áirde.
A's "Oró, a Riocaird Mhóir ni againne tá do láirin,
Chuirmid le ualach piosaidh i ag an Siogaidh go Ráth Cruachan;"
Ghaistear liom air mársáil, go Ráth Cruachan siofrach,
Cia casfaidh orm acht an Siogaidh a's é sinte air an bh-fear glas,
Do labhair me leis go buíde, an fear cam cruiach gránna,
Mar d-tiubhradh sé dham mo chalpiln gó leóntainn rinn d'á chnámhaibh.
A's "Oró, a Riocaird Mhóir ni agamsa tá do láirin,
Chuir me go h-Almuin Laighin i air *Aire ag mo mhathair.*"
Ghaistear liom air siliéig, go h-Almuin Laighin na bh-Fiannta,
Cia casfaidh orm acht an Chaillesch a's go deimhin mór dheas é a briathar,
Do labhair si liom go garbh, ag laigheadh amach 'san m-beurla,—
"What do you want, you rascal? I don't like your notion."
"Is cuma liom féin é, a chailligh, seachain orm do chuid Beurla,
Labhair liom an teanga a thuigim mar gach aon neach."
"Oró, a Riocaird Mhóir ni agamsa tá do láirin,
Rinne me "hand-and-cap" le Connell Cat andé dhi."
"Is righ-ole an duine é sin, ni feas damhs' é bheith i n-Eirinn."
"Nil mise mar sin," ar san chailleach, "is agam a ghealbhaidh agus air.
* * * * * * *
"Fill a bhaile fearta, ná bi níos mó d'á feuchmais,
Gheabhfaidh tá luach tri chapa', acht labhair leis an Athair Seumas,
Téirigh as sin go Gilnac, 'n áit a bh-fuil an sinsear Riocaich,
Tiocfaidh Sir Edward annas agus bheurfaidh sé cordin a's pant leis.
Téirigh as sin go Baile Róise, 's innti tá na gríos,
Bheurfaidh a tri pighinn deug dhuit i g-cómhnadh lua h-aon bhó farach;
Téirigh as sin go b-fuil Tiobaid, a's dea-bhéis iomlán cuntais,
"Mar maithfidh sé cios dá bhliadhain d'á caillfidh sé a chiall 's chuimhne,
Téirigh as sin go b-fuil do phoblóg carnt, ó tá slad [illegible]
Duine sin bitt shinfeas lámh dhe'n par bhainfidh dhó breas no beárnaibh.
Is truagh liom fear gan bó, is truagh liom fear gan chaora
Acht, a gealladh fear gan eolas—is deacair dhó bheith saoghalach;
Téirigh a mach go dtí bhaile, 's dá gcaillfidh tú aon chaora
Téirigh a mach go dtí gnó, 's na codail amuigh 's aon chor.
Is truagh liom fear gan [illegible], is truagh liom fear gan chaora
Acht, a gealladh fear gan eolas, is truagh liom fear gan chaora.

T. Shea, Tailor.

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THE BORE.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

When his maddened foreman utters imprecations on his head
For the "copy" that's unwritten and the proofs that are unread;
When his letters lie unopened by the dozen and the score,
And the manuscripts flow over from the table to the floor.

When he fain would weigh and measure the potential "fake" or "scoop"
At mace or mar his paper—damn it flat or make it whoop.
When he's "busy," which is always—four and twenty hours a day—
Then the Bore, whose name is legion, comes and never goes away!

Calls and roots in the exchanges, in the books and magazines,
Finds a manuscript half written, and inquires what it means;
Has a joke that won't hold over, and "you really ought to know"—
It was made by Psalmanazar 40,000 years ago.

And he reads this humble legend and believes I speak him true
When I say—"You know, old fellow, this does not apply to you."
Oh, the waste of precious lying, unprofessional and vain!
Naught of ease or comfort buying, naught of gratitude or gain!

Do you seek the busy lawyer, in the chamber or the court?
Do you bid the earnest doctor turn from business unto sport?
Do you climb the pulpit stairway, droning in the preacher's ear?
Do you babble at the captain? chatter with the engineer?

No, you bet your life you doesn't; but you read this fable plain,
And "de te narratur" never penetrates your precious brain.

—*The Literary Weekly.*

Low Rates to Colorado.

On July 21 and 22 the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs and return at exceedingly low rates; tickets good for return passage until August 25, inclusive. Solid vestibuled trains, palace sleeping cars and superb dining cars through between Chicago and Denver daily, via Chicago & Northwestern Railway. For detailed information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 97 WASHINGTON STREET.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1894—Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association a corporation, etc., Pltff. vs. Thomas Niland, Ottie Niland and Ernest N. Smith, Defts. In Chancery. No. 127,750. Notice is hereby given to the said defendant, Thomas Niland, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday in May, A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which said suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complt's Sol'r.

NICKNAMING STOCKS.

PARLANCE OF BUSY BROKERS WHO TALK QUICK AND TO THE POINT.

Short Cuts They Take In Doing Business In Securities, Which Often Have Lengthy Titles—Big Concerns With Little Names, Some of Which Are Funny.

Things move so fast and breath is so precious down in Wall street that the brokers have to resort to a shortening up of the names of the stocks listed on the exchange. To designate them by their long winded titles in the course of the day's business would be absolutely impossible; hence the abbreviations, some of which are facetious, and to the uninitiated meaningless. The Stock Exchange list contains the names of 76 different stocks, for almost all of which there are characteristic abbreviations.

For instance, when buying and selling or giving orders to clerks over telephones, brokers cannot take time to repeat such a long name as Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific. They simply say "Rocky," or "R. I." Another long drawn out name is that of the Richmond and West Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse company, which is boiled down in brokers' parlance to "R. T." Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railroad company is corrupted into "Shocking Valley," while General Electric company is spoken of as "General Elec." "Pede" is much quicker and easier said than Peoria, Decatur and Evansville, yet the former means the latter.

Some of the other stocks which have had their names trimmed down to suit the convenience or fancy of Wall street are the American Sugar Refining company, which is called "Sugar;" Chicago Gas Trust company, "Gas," and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, "Burlington." The preferred stock of the Northern Pacific Railroad company is known as "Nipper." Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan is easily handled as "Tan." United States Rubber company's stock is facetiously called "Rubber Balls" on account of the violent manner in which the stock bounded up and down when it was first put on the market.

The stock of the Missouri Pacific railroad, the favorite property of the Goulds, is known to Wall street as "Mop." "Tommy Dodd" was the name by which the stock of the Toledo, Delphas and Burlington Railroad company was known to brokers in Wall street for years. But little is heard of it now. But almost every one has heard of "Nickel Plate" in connection with a railroad, but comparatively few know that the title is simply the brokers' nickname of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis railroad. The name originated when the road was constructed, everything connected with it being of the best and "all nickel plated," as the saying went then. "The Big Four" is the common title of the Chicago, Cincinnati, Columbus and St. Louis railroad by reason of the four big cities which the road connects. "U. P." is used for Union Pacific and "Erie" in place of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad company.

The stock of the National Lead company is spoken of as "Lead," and at times, when the price of the stock is declining or at a standstill, brokers and speculators tell each other that "lead is heavy," much to the mystification of the greenhorn who never heard of lead being other than heavy.

"Whisky," sometimes "whiskers," which is the brokers' name for the stock of the Distilling and Cattle Feeding company, is another term which has often caused both fun and trouble. Some time ago a well known broker, in writing to a customer who is a total abstinance advocate, spoke of "that whisky you got from me." The broker meant a block of the stock of the Distilling and Cattle Feeding company which he had sold to the customer, but in the letter he used the street term of "whisky."

The customer's wife, who is also strict on the temperance platform, got hold of the letter. After giving her better half a curtain lecture on the evil of intemperance madam hied herself to the broker's office in Broad street, and shaking the letter in his face demanded in the presence of the office employees what he meant by giving her husband whisky and leading him to become a drunkard.

"Telegraph" is the Wall street alias of Western Union Telegraph company's stock, as is "Cordage," or "Twine," of the stock of the National Cordage company. "D. and H." means the Delaware and Hudson Canal company; "St. Paul," or "Paul," the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and "K. T.," or "Kitty," the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad.

The Stock Exchange is more commonly termed "The Board" by the brokers, and the condition of the stock market they also designate in their own manner. The market may be either lively, strong, steady, feverish, tired or sick. The bottom may be knocked out of it, or it may be dead. The term "lamb" was applied to the man with more money than knowle e of the ways of the stock market who went into Wall street to speculate. He was almost always invariably shorn of all he had, but of late years the genuine lamb has been an unknown quantity in the street.—New York World.

Accompanied by Squalls.

"This," groaned the wretched young father, shifting the wide awake baby to the other arm and making the turn at the northwest corner of the room for the four hundred and fifty-seventh time, "is one of the hardships that pass in the night!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Standard Remedy.

He—Her heart is as hard as glass. I can't make any impression on it.

She—Have you tried a diamond?—Eugene Field's Washington.

AT EVENING.

Below her in the valley farm
She heard the rustic mirth.
The pasture, lessened to a line,
Was heaven as much as earth.

The fiddle poured a dancing tune
That called her feet, and, oh,
Her heart was hungry for the lad
She danced with long ago!

—Norman Gale.

CARMENCITA WINS A NAME.

The Spanish Dancer Christened by a Band of Brigands While a Captive.

"In my time," said Carmencita, "I have danced before the queen of Spain and other notables and have been impressed by the surroundings, but no dancing that I ever did had such peculiar and impressive surroundings as one that I did when a little girl before a band of Spanish brigands. When I was 15, I was living with my aunt and uncle, who had a produce farm not very far from Madrid and equally near to the palace of the Escurial. I was in the habit of loading a donkey with fresh eggs and vegetables for the priests who had charge of the church, and on one particular morning I not only had a heavy load of provisions for the fathers, but nearly 2,000 reals besides hidden in my bosom, which were to pay for some masses for my aunt's mother.

"I was proceeding along slowly with my donkey, not thinking of anything else except the bull fight I had seen on the previous Sunday, when I was suddenly surrounded by fierce looking men, and in a few minutes I was being hurried down a rocky path into some dark woods, where a tall and dignified man, the chief of the robbers, was lying asleep. He was awakened by our coming and smiled kindly at my poor little trembling self and asked me my name. 'Carmen,' I exclaimed through my chattering teeth. 'Well, Carmencita, don't be frightened, and perhaps I will let you go home soon.' I may tell you that that was the first time I was ever addressed as 'Carmencita'—Little Carmen—the same as I now call myself, so I was christened by a brigand, I may say.

"Well, I sat down and watched the robbers making omelets out of my fresh eggs and crunching my crisp onions, and how I wished every mouthful would choke them! After awhile the chief looked to where I was crouching in a corner and called me to him and made me drink a big tincupful of wine, and then he demanded to know where I had hidden the money for my greataunt's masses. I was dumfounded. 'How do you know that I have any money?' I asked. 'Oh, I know, little one. Let us count the shining coins and see if there is enough.' And motioning to one of the women of his band I was soon relieved of the treasure hidden in my bodice. I implored him not to take it and told him how sure would be the vengeance of the holy saints if he robbed them of their dues.

"Like most Spaniards, the bandits were truly religious, and I noticed that my pleading in the name of the church was having its effect on the other members of the band, and then somebody began playing a mandolin. For a few minutes everybody listened, and whether it was the wine I drank or what I don't know, but I began tapping the ground with my feet and nodding in tune with the aria. 'Ah you dance!' said the chief. 'Now, come, little one, see if you can't earn back your mass money.'

"I sent up a silent prayer to the blessed Virgin and followed the band to a smooth piece of grassy ground just beyond the cavern. Round this the robbers squatted, tailor fashion, excepting two of them who stood on one side strumming guitars. I danced, and the good saints must have inspired every movement of my body, for soon the entire band was clapping their hands and shouting 'Brava, bravissima!' For nearly an hour I continued until I at last had to stop from exhaustion. But when I had finished the robber chief lifted me in his arms and kissed me and handed me back the purse with all the mass money untouched. Then he told one of his men to bring out my donkey, and next he took off his hat and went around among his band, saying, 'Now, boys, let us pay Carmencita for the good breakfast she brought us.' I heard the clink of money falling in his hat, and in a few minutes he came to me and told me to place my two hands together like a pocket, and then he poured on my palms a sum far larger than I should have received from the priests for my farm produce. Then, with two more of his men, he escorted me and my donkey nearly to the gates of the Escurial, and before he left he gave me a small, curiously bent piece of iron. 'This,' said he, 'will save you from all molestation in this portion of Spain if you ever have the fortune to meet any more gentlemen of my profession.'

"I told my story to the fathers at the palace, and a troop of dragoons was sent in pursuit, but I am glad to say they did not catch Antanazio. That was the bandit chief's name. My uncle was quite content with the amount I brought him for his eggs and vegetables, and there were a few pieces over for me to spend at the fair. The robber's piece of iron I have still. I think it is my mascot."—Philadelphia Times.

Theory and Practice.

Wife—Do newspaper writers sit up all night?

Husband—I believe so.

"That explains it, then."

"Explains what?"

"The household department of this paper recommends roast potatoes for breakfast. One would have to sit up all night to have the oven hot enough."—New York Weekly.

The Best Evidence.

Willie—How is that fellow getting on with your sister?

Bobbie—I guess she must have accepted him.

Willie—What makes you think so?

Bobbie—He has stopped making me any more weekly payments.—New York Herald.

Anecdotes of Parrots.

Why parrots have been fated to be made the heroes of so many strange tales it is puzzling to say, but the fact remains. We all remember the cheeky bird at the parrot show who, uncovered last of all among the competitors, placed his head knowingly on one side and ejaculated: "My eye! What a lot of parrots!" of course securing the prize. I knew a parrot once who affected modesty and bashfulness, who put his claw before his face and shyly informed his audience, "Polly had a letter this morning—offer of marriage for Polly." And there was another gray friend of my youth who would entreat the cook for dinner in the tenderest terms and swear like a hundred troopers if not attended to.

We have all heard the tale of the publican's parrot who was pumped on for proclaiming that the beer had gone sour and remarked to the cat, on seeing that quadruped march in dripping wet, "Your beer's gone sour!" The last of the series of parrot stories that has reached me is that of a large green bird who seemed somewhat slow of speech, and who so provoked his master by his stupidity that that young gentleman, who was trying to teach his bird to welcome a rich relative with the words, "Good morning, uncle," lost all patience and shook the poor wretch from side to side, grasping its throat the while and reiterating: "Say good morning, uncle, you devil! Say good morning, uncle, you devil!" A few days later this impatient young man heard a terrible noise in the fowlhouse. On making his way there he found the bodies of three hens prone upon the clay floor, while on a perch in the corner was the parrot, holding a fourth fowl by the throat and shrieking with rage, "Say good morning, uncle, you devil!"—London Sketch.

Beef Tea For Roses.

All travelers agree that there are nowhere else roses so magnificent as those that cover the garden wall of the old Roman palace in the Via Sistini, in which once lived the famous epicure, Lucullus. Rome is a city of roses. They run riot, but those of the old palace have become celebrated. Their odor is passionate in its intensity. Their form, their every petal, the way they hang upon their stems, is picturelike. The color of some is deep, deep crimson, almost black at the heart. In others it is cameo pink, changing to rich cream tints at the center; others are the bright yellow that mellows into gold; others are the white that is like melted moonlight in the petal cup. I lived next door the house overlooking the palace garden, and I had frequently asked myself, "What has produced these superb roses?"

One day I saw the gardener, whose love for his roses is almost pagan, watering them carefully at the roots with a clear dark liquid. I was sure that this was the feeding that had to do with the secret of their wonderful beauty. On investigation I learned that the wealth of odor and coloring was the result of animal food. That mysterious libation which I had seen poured at their roots was strong beef tea, made from fresh cuts of beef and strained. The old gardener himself invented the idea. This reminded me how luxuriantly I had seen ferns of every kind, even the most delicate, growing in several spots in Germany where the brewers had bestowed their refuse malt.—Buffalo Express.

Fish as Scavengers.

Fish have their uses to humanity over and above serving as food material or as unwilling caterers to the sport of the fisherman. Although it may seem odd so to speak of them, they often are as indispensable to a country place as a dog or a cat. If that country place happens to be one that is supplied with running water, and this is used for ornament in ponds or fountains, two things are pretty sure to bother the owner. One is the well known green scum which spreads over the waters of ponds and fountain basins. When its growth begins, the plant is pretty. It starts from the bottom as soon as the sun gets high, in May or June, and sends upward a delicate, graceful, wavy thread of vivid green. Until it reaches the surface it remains pretty, but once there it spreads along and rots and is soon offensive in several ways. The other nuisance from standing water, even when it is often renewed and directly from the springs, is mosquitoes. The wigglers grow there. The remedy for both of these troubles is fish, and the two kinds that will cure them happen to be the two most desirable for other reasons. Goldfish will keep the green scum from growing, and yellow perch, or, as they are generally called, sunfish, will destroy the mosquito wigglers. The sunfish one has to catch, but the goldfish can be bought, two for a quarter, in the fish and bird stores of this city.—New York Sun.

Opportunities.

Some one has said that "every face ought to be beautiful at 40," and another that "no old person has a right to be ugly, because he has had all his life in which to grow beautiful." That is to say that life's opportunities of nobleness, of even 40 years of opportunity, if well used, are enough to make so much beauty within that it cannot help coming to the surface in graceful habits of the nerves and muscles. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightings to the eyes, restful lines of self control about the lips, pure shining of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly—these things no parent makes inevitably ours and no fitful week or two of goodness gives them, and no schooling of the visage either, but only habitual nobleness and graciousness within, and this will give them all. Nor does a wise man think he has watched the quick expressions which flit across the face unconsciously. The truth will out, and in these flashing motions sometimes we catch the rascals under a handsome mask, and sometimes catch the angel where we had not looked for one.—Rev. W. C. Gannett.

THE WAY IT GOES.

When it's spring, you catch a cold;
Summer time, you're meltin;
When it's winter, wood is scarce—
Sleet and snow a-peltin.

When you've got the cash in view,
Plenty to befriend you;
When you need a dime or two,
Not a soul to lend you!

When you're on the mountain top,
Telescopes to spy you;
When into the ditch you drop,
Whole world passes by you!

Ain't a bit o' use to fret—
Take it as you find it;
Best world that you've been in yet—
Laugh and never mind it!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Hopper Spins a "Pinafore" Yarn.

Some years ago, when the "Pinafore" craze was at its height, the actor who impersonated Sir Joseph Porter during a production of that opera at the Varieties theater, New Orleans, had a makeup which transformed him into an exact facsimile of Admiral Murray of the United States navy, who was then stationed at New Orleans. One night an old salt of Murray's command was sitting in the front row of the gallery. When Sir Joseph Porter made his first entrance, he gazed upon him for a moment as if doubting the evidence of his senses, and then muttered to himself sotto voce, "I'm blest if that isn't old Murray."

Rising from his seat and making a sea scrape, he called out, "Good day, your honor." The special officer was going to eject him, but the manager of the house, who had observed him, forbade it and told the officer to let the old fellow enjoy himself to his heart's content so long as he did not become so boisterous as to disturb the performance.

Whenever Sir Joseph came on or went off the stage, the old salt would rise and honor him with a salute, and after the fall of the curtain he proposed and gave three cheers for Admiral Murray. A naval lieutenant who was present subsequently told me that when the old fellow went on board his ship next day he had to be put in irons for refusing to obey an order from his superior officer unless that functionary would follow the example of the gallant captain of the "Pinafore" and say, "If you please."—De Wolf Hopper in New York Herald.

Bathing Suit of 1894.

Though the woman with a well filled purse can indulge in the luxury of a silk bathing costume, the greater number of the fair sex at the shore will frolic with old Neptune in suits of all wool flannel. These may be made very plain or may be trimmed with great taste.

The neatest suits seen in the stores are made with full skirts and have knee tights and full tights to match. Sandals and odd knitted or rubber caps come with these suits, which are made in black, navy, cardinal, maroon, gray and white. Black, white and red worsted braids in different widths are used as trimming, and this garniture can be put on in exceedingly pretty effects. Cuffs and sailor collar of red or white flannel on blue or black suits are very stylish, although some beautiful models are made with box plaited waists, with the skirt, wrists and down turn collar trimmed with two or three rows of narrow white or red worsted braid.

The best suits range in price from $4.50 to $7. These are for ladies, the suits for children costing between $4 and $6.25.—Philadelphia Record.

Lightning Dissipators.

A good many years ago some one advanced the idea that a wire netting spread over the roof of a house and properly anchored in good conducting soil is an effectual bar to injury by lightning. The claim is that there is what is called a state of electrical stress. This is broken by the flash that descends through an electric air column that extends from the clouds to the earth. By the use of copper latticework, with upright points placed upon roofs, the electric current is attracted, carried through the metal conductors and safely conveyed into the earth without doing any injury whatever. It is, however, of the utmost importance that the anchorage be of the proper sort, as upon this depends the safety of the dwelling.—New York Ledger.

Tea and Coffee as Food.

M. Stanislaus Martin states that, as the result of an experiment on three different criminals sentenced to death who accepted the scientific trial in preference to hanging. No. 1, nourished exclusively on tea, lived three years, and then died. He had become almost a skeleton and was in a transparent condition. No. 2, on coffee, died in two years, burned as if an interior fire had calcined him. No. 3 lived on chocolate for eight months and died in a very advanced state of rottenness, as it were, devoured by worms.—London Lancet.

One of the most startling unanticipated replies on record was that of a young lady versed in all present day attainments, who, in reply to an address, "I want a person of some experience in the nursery—do you know much about children?" cheerfully retorted, "Oh, dear, yes; I've dissected a baby."

Every great literary work has been followed by a host of imitations. After the publication of the "Faerie Queen" the press was deluged with fairy stories, as after Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" hundreds of similar works appeared.

When a man becomes indifferent to women, to children and young people, he may know that he is superannuated and has withdrawn from whatsoever is sweetest and purest in human existence.

Since the beginning of the century 52 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Thirty-three of these still exist, and 10 are inhabited.

There are over 3,000 ancient towers in Sardinia, the object of which no one, from Aristotle down, has ever been able to determine.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

HELD BY AN OCTOPUS

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A CALIFORNIA WOMAN.

She Mistook the Terrible Monster For a Leopard Cowrie—It Held Her Fast, and the Incoming Tide Would Have Drowned Her Had Not Assistance Come.

There is living in San Francisco a woman who some 15 years ago was living with her husband on a little coral island just below the equator. The island was small—not two miles in the narrow line—and was nothing but a green spot of sand on the broad bosom of the Pacific. Nothing grew on the island but a stiff species of beach grass, and this was dingy brown instead of green, like other grass. But if bare of vegetation the island was still richly fertilized, for the whole extent of the island was covered with guano of the richest sort, and the only inhabitants were the two white people mentioned and 50 or 60 Hawaiians to work the guano beds.

The superintendent had his wife and little child with him, and as news from the outer world could reach them but once in three months it was rather dull for the woman. As there was so little amusement to be found, she made the most of the few sources she had. Chief among these was the gathering of shells, of which many and fine varieties were to be found on the reef at low tide.

One day mother and son had been out almost the whole tide, and fairly well laden with spoils were working back home, when, as she stepped across one of the smaller pools, the woman saw at the bottom what appeared to be a magnificent leopard cowrie, the largest she had yet seen. The water was pretty deep in the pool, being almost up to her waist as she stepped down into it, but she was so near home she did not care, though she got wet through.

Stooping to pick up the shell, she found that the water was even deeper than she had supposed, for as her fingers reached to the bottom of the pool her face was almost wet by the waves which came rippling in with the rising tide. But the moment required to pick up a shell would not injure her, even though she had to put her face into the water, so she stooped lower, with closed eyes, and grasped at the shell below.

Her fingers closed on the richly spotted object, but instead of the hard, smooth surface she expected to seize her fingers sunk deep into some soft, slimy substance, and before she could drop it and rise from her stooping position a sudden splash and flurry dashed the water into foam, and two snakelike objects arose from the depths and twined themselves around her arm, bare to the shoulder, with numbing force.

The water, but a moment before clear as a crystal, was in an instant clouded with ink, and another snakelike form rose and twined around her arm, increasing the force and pressure until she suffered agony from the hold upon her arm as well as from the fright caused by the sudden attack of the unseen foe.

Her face was scarcely three inches above the surface of the pool, and, to her horror, she found that the strength of the creature was sufficient to keep her from rising any higher, and she knew that a few moments more of the pain would weaken her so that she must be drawn down into the pool instead of being able to escape from the horrible creature which held her in its grasp.

In the first shock a shriek of fear had startled the boy, who was some distance from her, and he came running back to see what had caused the cry. He was only 3 years old, so could be of no assistance. Indeed the mother feared that the child also might be grasped and dragged into the pool. She called to him to run to the house, some little distance away, around a point of land which hid it from sight, and call for help.

The tide was rising rapidly. Wave after wave came rippling and swishing against her form, each one breaking a little higher, dashing a little more of its spray in her bended face. Death seemed very near, but her only fear was of the horrible beak which she knew would be buried in her quivering flesh as soon as she should lose her strength and fall into the pool to where the devilfish could grasp her with all its arms.

She could not raise her head to see if help was coming, but she strained her ears, hoping to hear footsteps or voices. Not a sound met her strained hearing.

A wave bigger and higher than usual came rolling in and broke above her head, leaving her strangled and breathless. Hope was gone. She must die.

But as she gave a last strangled cry a sudden rush of feet, a dash through the water, and her arm was grasped by strong hands, and she was raised above the surface a little. Other hands reached down beside her and grasped the unseen form of the monster, and with a mighty pull from the two strong pairs of arms it was torn from its anchoring hold upon the rocks and thrown up into the open air.

The choking, strangling woman was carried above the tidemark, the octopus still attached to her by its slimy arms. As the attempt to pull it away caused her excruciating pain, the arms were one by one cut off, and even the horny disks still clung with considerable force to the bruised and crushed arm. The creature had used three of its eight arms to crush its prey and held itself firmly anchored to the rock at the bottom of the pool with the others. It took all the strength of two heavy men to tear the hold of those five arms from the rock.

When the creature was dead, and spread out on the sand, it measured only 7 feet from the body to the end of the longest ray. The body was about the size and shape of a big washboiler turned bottom up. The hooked, horny beak, shaped almost like that of a parrot, but shorter in proportion, to its width, was placed between two wicked little eyes not larger than coals of fire.

MYSTERIES OF FLORIDA.

An Underground River That Makes Things Very Lively at Times.

Two miles south of Gainesville is a prairie. At certain seasons strangers wonder why it is called a "prairie," for they look out upon a broad stretch of water so deep that storms churn its surface into rolling white capped billows. At times the commerce of the lake is done by steamer, while at other times there is not water enough to float a canoe. In fact, I have crossed the prairie in the steamer and again have gone over identically the same route in a stage from whose wheels clouds of dust would roll.

On the edge of the prairie, half walled in by rock, dense with immense trees draped in long festoons of moss, is a pool of water called "The Sink." The depth of it has never been sounded. From this sink an underground river flows and makes its way no one knows where. Sometimes an acre or so of land, trees and all, will fall into the underground river, and then the drainage of the prairie is obstructed, and the prairie "goes dry." In a year or two the river will have scoped around the obstruction, and then the prairie "goes wet." In the neighborhood of Gainesville there are hundreds of the sinks, all of them as round as a dollar and averaging from a quarter to a half acre in extent.

North of Gainesville is a pretty and mysterious spot called the "Devil's Millhopper." A large stream of water comes down hill with considerable force and disappears in a pool that has no visible outlet. Near Brooksville is another pool very similar to the "Devil's Millhopper." A stream of water pours into it and disappears in a whirlpool in the center. Throw a log in it, and it will circle the pool many times, gradually drawing nearer to the center. Suddenly the log disappears.

Some grewsome stories are connected with the Brooksville pool. It is said that the place is haunted, for the reason that many a man, and woman, too, has mysteriously disappeared in it, never to be heard of afterward. In the pioneer days of that part of the country, so the stories go, there was a secret society which washed all its dirty linen in that pool. In other words, if a man or woman gave grave offense to any members of the society, he or she was gagged, bound and in the darkness of night thrown into the pool.—Florida Times-Union.

The Monkey and the Chew of Gum.

A mild mannered man walked up to the cage of an unshaved son of the forest, wearing among his other clothes a prehensile tail and a face as solemn as a Wesleyan deacon of the old fashioned type. The monkey was critically examining a peanut, wondering possibly whether it would be worth opening. The man laid an innocent looking little roll of something on the outer ledge of the cage. Now, a monkey's curiosity is only equaled by his avarice. He will take anything in sight whether he wants it or not. So the ring tailed resident of the cage took this roll in. At first it was not possible to see what he had acquired, but in an instant the mystery was solved.

He placed it once to his mouth and took a generous bite. It proved to be a secondhand piece of chewing gum. As he removed his paw a few onlookers were well nigh thrown into spasms, for the wax strung out in an ever dwindling string, and as it drew away from him the monkey surveyed the string calmly, but curiously. If ever a monkey assumed an expression of heart consuming bliss, it was that monkey. There was just enough sugar in the pasty stuff to make it very palatable to him, and he curled his tail, rolled his eyes upward with an agonizing look and murmured to himself, "This is heaven to me." But the wax under his emphatic treatment began to show signs of rebellion. It got warm and stuck in his paw, and while he was trying to solve the problem there encountered it locked his jaws. Then he began to yawn, and to pray for a toothpick, and to wish for the man who had given him the gum, but that worthy was far away.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Early Use of the Word "Strike."

An early use of the word "strike" occurs in the London Chronicle for 1765. In the September of that year are numerous references to great suspension of labor in the northern coalfield, and the colliers are stated to have "struck out" for a higher bounty before entering into thier usual yearly "bond." In confirmation of Mr. Leaton-Blenkinsopp's statement at the last reference it may be added that the strike is twice called a "stick." (London Chronicle, Oct. 8-10.)

One of Harriet Martineau's earliest pamphlets was a tract entitled "The Tendency of Strikes and Sticks to Produce Low Wages," published at Durham in 1834. The time honored illustration of profitless labor, "carrying coals to Newcastle," probably received its first slap in the face during the strike of 1765. A paragraph dated Newcastle, Sept. 28, in the London Chronicle, says, "'Tis very remarkable that on Wednesday several pokes of coals were brought from Durham to this town by one of the common carriers and sold on the sand hill for ninepence a poke, by which he cleared sixpence a poke."—Notes and Queries.

Young Supreme Court Lawyers.

Chief Justice Fuller was speaking the other day of the large number of brilliant young lawyers that were appearing before the supreme court of late. It was formerly the rule to intrust supreme court cases to veterans, and until recently men under 50 years of age were very seldom seen at that bar. Younger men might prepare the briefs, but old men were called in to present them. But of late the younger generation of lawyers are arguing their own cases, and Justice Fuller thinks there are more brilliant youngsters at the bar of the United States than in any other country of the world.—Chicago Record.

TYPEWRITERS.

Opinions of Them Dictated to One of Them by an Accomplished Stenographer.

More trash and nonsense are written about typewriter girls by people who do not understand what good typewriting is or how to dictate to a typewriter than about any other profession or any other business in which either men or women are engaged today. The fact of the matter is that typewriting is worth anywhere from $5 a week up to $20 or $25, which is sometimes paid as a weekly salary to expert typewriters who have no knowledge of shorthand.

It is no unusual thing for typewriters to earn at folio work from dictation by stenographers $2 an hour and over, and the finest experts are worth every cent of that amount of money. Among stenographers $1 an hour is the ruling rate, and for that $1 a good typewriter with an expert dictator will transcribe from 30 to 40 folios an hour of testimony. In some cases even 40 folios an hour of solid matter have been dictated. Forty folios is two columns of The Sun, and of the men who write about dictating to typewriters as though they knew about it there are probably not half a dozen in the country who can dictate so much.

Many years ago the writer was employed as shorthand amanuensis by George Alfred Townsend, well known as "Gath," who habitually dictated to him in shorthand two columns an hour and did it every day in the week two hours a day for months at a time, indicating every full stop, semicolon, quotation mark and paragraph. If "Gath" dictates to a typewriter now and has one of the best in the business, no doubt he can dictate from a column and a half to two columns an hour of original matter, and the writer knows of no other man who can do that. Of course there are plenty of incompetents who pose as typewriters and who bring the business into discredit by their poor work. For many years the writer has been thrown in contact with expert typewriters in his business as an official stenographer. In view of the many gibes and sneers in which newspaper writers indulge on the subject of typewriter operators of the feminine gender, it is a matter of simple justice to say that the women with whom he has been associated in his business have been without exception well educated, refined, capable of doing rapid and accurate work, who attended strictly to business and did not waste time with frivolous remarks.

It seems unfair to judge of any business or profession by the weaklings engaged therein, whether the work be law, medicine, the ministry, shorthand or typewriting, and any one who cannot accomplish twice as much dictating to a good typewriter operator as with a pen is unable to do that either because he does not know how to dictate or because he has an inferior operator. It took just eight minutes to dictate this article to a typewriter who does not claim to special expertness and whose charge was 25 cents.

(The above was not altered in any respect by the editor, and the printers were requested to follow copy. The reader may therefore judge of the accuracy both of the dictator and the typewriter.)—New York Sun.

Why Beer Kegs Are Made So Thick.

It takes a long while for a beer keg to wear out. It has a tough constitution and is protected from internal decay by a coat of pure and hard pitch. The pitch used on the modern keg is much superior to that formerly used. It is clear, tasteless and tough. An empty beer keg will stand a great many hard knocks before the pitch scales off.

The kegs wear out, when they do wear, externally. They are wet and dry alternately, and this promotes decay. Then they get a great deal of unnecessary banging around between the time they leave the brewery and are brought back again. Everybody, from the driver and railroad and steamboat hands down to the barkeepers, seems to think the kegs are indestructible. A whole car load of empty kegs is frequently thrown from the car down to the ground. A single empty keg is often thrown 15 feet. It really isn't necessary to make the kegs as heavy, so far as the keeping of the beer is concerned. They began by being made heavy in the old days. The brewers then deemed it absolutely requisite to make them that way to withstand the pressure of the beer. The very fact that they were made heavy and clumsy subjected them to rough handling. Now they have to be made heavy and extra material has to be put into the heads and staves simply because of this handling and not from any danger on account of the internal pressure of the beer.—Chicago Tribune.

Easy to Make a Strong Cigar.

A tobacco manufacturer who moves in a select coterie of tobacco loving friends was recently told by one of those connoisseurs that he had yet to find a cigar that was too strong for him to enjoy. Acting on the suggestion, the manufacturer took occasion to have a cigar specially constructed of stems and nestly covered with a rich, appetizing Havana leaf, rolled into points at both ends. This he presented to his friend with the wish that it might prove strong enough to suit his taste. Suspecting nothing, the friend proceeded to smoke, and was soon surprised to see coals like redhot nails exuding from the end of the cigar. As the skin peeled off his tongue his brain began to reel, and he soon gave up in an old fashioned attack of nausea. He no longer boasts of his capacity before people who are in the business.—Philadelphia Record.

A Discovery.

Little Girl—It's all nonsense 'bout ole maids never tellin their age.

Little Boy—Why?

"Queen Elizabeth was an old maid, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, the paper says Professor Dryadust is goin to lecture on 'The Age of Elizabeth,' so there."—Pearson's Weekly.

A FLYING COMEDY.

Tale of an Uncontrollable Wheel, a Frightened Rider and Two Good Samaritans.

It all happened on a South Side avenue.

The shades of night were getting in their work, and the peace of a righteous community was filtering through the atmosphere. Brown and Jones were enjoying their last cigars and conversing on stocks. There is nothing frivolous or flighty about Brown or Jones.

Suddenly there came a swish of feminine skirts, a skurry of a bicycle, and through the darkened air a shrill wail faltered, "Oh, won't you please help me?" Then a bicycle at full tilt sped across the street crossing, and Brown and Jones stared at each other aghast.

"O-o-oh!" half cried the voice of the disappearing rider.

"What in thunder does she want help about?" gasped Jones.

"She wasn't tipping over!" cried Brown.

"Her wheel was all right!"

"No one was pursuing"——

"Help!" floated back to the crossing. With one wild gush of alarm two cigars were flung to destruction, and two reputable citizens went sprinting down Lake avenue. Never since their college days have Jones and Brown made a running record like the one credited to that night's performance, with a movable goal for an object. One block, 2 blocks, 2½, and the fleeing wheel with its sobbing rider came into view.

With an extraordinary spurt, Brown and Jones caught up, grabbed the handle bars and stopped the wild progress of the modern Flying Dutchman.

"What" — began Jones. "How"— gasped Brown, who was stout and unpleasantly conscious of something ridiculous in the whole proceeding.

"Oh!" quivered the feminine rider, who was not young and not fair. "Oh, how can I ever th-thank you! Oh, my goodness, what a scare! I can ride, you know—just learned—but I can't turn around, and I can't mount, and I can't stop my wheel, and I was getting farther away from home every minute, and, oh, dear, what would I have done if"——

Jones coughed. In her excitement the distressed lady was reposing against his shirt front. It was a fresh shirt front, and her act disturbed him.

"Shall we get you started for home?" queried Brown, who always had presence of mind.

"Oh, if you would!" said the distressed lady, and then the two reputable citizens put her on her wheel, turned it around, pushed her half a block and saw her disappear in the darkness, leaving a trail of inarticulate gasps, thanks, protests and exclamations in her wake.

Stillness fell over Lake avenue. Brown and Jones stuffed their handkerchiefs into their collars and looked at each other meditatively. Suddenly Brown went into convulsions. He grabbed Jones' arm.

"How," he stuttered, "how, I say, is that fool woman going to stop when she does get home?"

Then they sat down on the curbstone to recover and incidentally to calculate whether the woman who hadn't learned how to make the wheels stop going round would eventually reach the north pole or be drowned in Lake Superior.

"And yet," Brown says sorrufully, when he tells the adventure, "yet some misguided mortals claim that women have sense enough to vote and decide the fate of the nation! Humph!"—Chicago News.

How Moody Made His Money.

"Mr. Moody's money—where does it come from?" some people have asked in connection with his mission work and his pushing of the Northfield schools.

Fabulous sums have been made by successful authors through the publication of their works, but the individual profits of the greatest writer or novelist who ever achieved fame and fortune would be insignificant to what has been derived from a little 6 by 4 book called "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," by D. L. Moody, P. P. Bliss and Ira D. Sankey. Millions of hands have turned the pages of this little volume, and millions of voices have rendered praise from it. Publishing firms, both in England and the United States, have made magnificent fortunes from the sale of the work, and the receipts grow larger every year.

The enormous sum of $1,250,000 cash has been paid in royalties to the interests represented by Mr. Moody since the book was first published, 20 years ago. The sale of hymns is said to have reached the wonderful total of 20,000,000 volumes. The price of these books has ranged from 5 cents up to $1.25, but whatever may be the selling price Mr. Moody has received the uniform royalty of 20 per cent.—Boston Record.

Germany's Strict Laws.

In no country is the government more strict than in Germany. If a foreigner wishes to remain in a town for some days, he must take his passport to the police and receive in exchange for it, together with a sixpenny piece, a permit card, which entitles him to remain there for six months. The passport is pigeonholed. If, however, you desire to change your lodging, both you and your landlord must give notice to the police. This system recommends itself not a little, for it prevents pauper immigration.

No German is allowed to leave the country unless he can show he has done the military service required of him. If a man is on the point of starting, he must delay his departure until he gets a passport showing that he is a free man.

A most severe press censorship is exercised, and there is no free press like we know it. Any derogatory remark relating to the sovereign is visited with heavy punishment, and frequently an editor is at a total loss to know why his paper has been seized. Foreign publications are always scrutinized before they are allowed to be circulated, and if there is any criticism reflecting on the laws of the kingdom the paper is confiscated.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 423 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 456 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D F Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 370 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2719 Hoffman st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Harding, Treas. Meet at 558 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 6430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—John E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J P Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie-st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 3200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 3158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 31st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1809 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 252 Ashland av.

Div 17—Michael J Finnegan, Pres; E Hendly, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3632 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin McCaby, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

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Div 20—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeoghegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 22—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 545 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 23—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Phillip J O Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, box 864, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

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Div 25—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 329 Thirty-seventh st; Chas Kelley, V P; Jas Gahnon, R S, 3256 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-first st and Emerald av.

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St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed S Ashenden, 918 Wabash st; R S, Edw W Joy, 27 Monroe st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at North and Western ave.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 18 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Habig; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 267 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 108 32d place; R S, Joseph Seits, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittzschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 13th st; R S, Julius Baier, 624 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 491 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 1252 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J P Maibach; Treas, M Lilly. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 81 Goethe st; F S, Joe Holdren; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1128 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 979 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Hindsdale, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schoman. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Dienes, 439 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Mondays in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 260 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarkey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 185 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhle's hall, California av and Harrard st.

St John's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 85n Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3721 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F Sherwin. Meet 2nd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 19 Belmont av; R S, Geo Fisher, 1020 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmidt; T, H Beckmann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale av.

Laval No 41—C R, A J Fournier, 1000 Joseph st; R S, T T Prelle, 2833 Arch; F S, P DeGuise; T, Jos Bouffard. Meet Larney's hall, Western av and Harrison.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John Long, 39 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3611 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence [illegible]. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Ignatius No 43—C R, [illegible], 103 Cornell st; R S, John [illegible], 6 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph [illegible]; T, [illegible]. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays at [illegible] Hall.

McMullen No 44—C R, [illegible], Oak st; R S, A P Dewan, [illegible]; T, Thomas J Lynn; F, John [illegible]. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in [illegible] Chicago av.

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